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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE DANGER OF CHARLES THE RASH.

Godfrey de Varens, left alone with his dim taper beneath the aperture caused by the displaced flooring, remained during several moments without moving from his position; being profoundly absorbed, indeed, in listening to the broken sounds of conversation which reached his ears through the single obstruction of the closet-door. The colloquists in the "best room" talked mainly in low tones, but occasionally a strong, impatient voice rose far above the rest, apparently dictating or commanding some line of action. De Varens, holding his taper low, and at the same time grasping his sword-hilt, to be ready for defence if necessary, raised himself upon the stone steps, until he came almost in contact with the panels which separated them from the room above. By placing his ear close to the wood, he could distinguish much that was said: and it was, as may be guessed, in order thus to overhear the projects of the Burgundian chief, and remember them carefully for the future use of his master Louis XI., that the French noble had dismissed the page Alphonse, and chosen to remain in the gloomy passage alone.

What scheme of warlike operations or diplomatic strategy was by this means unfolded to the apprehension of De Varens, it matters not now to consider; but that the eavesdropper heard matter of interest was evident from the pertinacity with which he kept his post, stooping uneasily, and straining his ears to catch each syllable uttered within. Hours indeed thus passed, until, one by one, the Burgundian lords retired or were dismissed from their Prince's presence, and at length Charles le Téméraire remained alone in his chamber: a fact that soon became apparent to the listener, partly by the deep silence that ensued, and afterwards by the sound of heavy respiration, denoting unmistakeably that a weary Duke could snore like a weary ploughman.

De Varens, bending half-double in the gloomy recess which he occupied, was yet wakeful with active thought. He had fathomed enough of the designs of Charles the Rash, through the conversation heard, to feel that the tidings would be right welcome to his French master, who, above all other qualities in a follower, regarded the possession of cunning and strategic powers. But he reflected likewise that, at this very moment, the Burgundian Prince was sleeping, in fancied security, within reach almost of a fisman's arm, a narrow door being the only barrier between. Dared he, Godfrey de Varens, but open noiselessly that secret door, advance stealthily to the Burgundian's couch, and strike boldly downward with the dagger that he wore in his belt, Louis XI. would be at once relieved of a rebellious subject and a ruinous war; Burgundy and Flanders would succumb to French dominion—the turbulent allies of Charles would disperse, and acknowledge Louis as their suzerain; in a word—by a single blow—the French King would be firmly seated upon his throne, and Godfrey de Varens might name his own reward.

Such thoughts as these thronged simultaneously in the old noble's brain, as he listened to the difficult breathing of the sleeper within; and with each impulse of reflection came dark temptations to action. De Varens was no casuist, weighing right and wrong in the balance; but one who, accustomed to violence and bloodshed through a life of partisan warfare, had learned only in that school of policy which is measured by the success of its schemes. He had served other chiefs than Louis XI.; had battled under banners opposed to the influence of France; for in the changing aspects of politics in that stormy period, alliances and fealties were alternately opposing and uniting with one another; so that the follower of Armagnac in one campaign, might be the supporter of Burgundy in the next; the ally of the crown-princes of to-day might be the adherents of the King to-morrow. The great houses of Armagnac and Burgundy might contend at one season for the supremacy of Paris, and at another be found leagued against the royalty of France. Thus it was that Godfrey de Varens had been at one time the stipendiary of Charles VII., the father of the Dauphin Louis, at another had aided his rebellious son in the conspiracy of the *Praguerie*; again to become reconciled to his sovereign, and finally to be one of the first who welcomed the Dauphin's accession to the throne of France. But in spite of campaigning and diplomacy, the noble lord had as yet failed to win for himself such goodly station, broad lands, as Louis XI. had freely bestowed upon the Counts de St. Pol and Dammartin, many inferior lords who had served their monarch with less good will than they had served themselves. But now here within his grasp—thus pondered Godfrey de Varens—were honor and rewards to be the prize of skill and daring. The fiercest and most dangerous enemy of his master King Louis lay slumbering and defenceless. It was but to open the secret door, strike heavily, and with sure hand, and then retreat undiscovered to the vaults once more. What would not crafty Louis give for the daring deed which should place him firmly on the throne of France?

Godfrey de Varens dwelt not in his calculations on the blackness of the crime; for the politics of the day—of which Louis XI. was fitting exponent—weighed but the chances of success; and to compass the ruin of an opposing house, assassination was not the most unfrequent method of proceeding. The vassal of Louis XI. knew that his unscrupulous master would applaud the deed he meditated, and reward the daring hand which should execute it. It was enough for De Varens to know this, and to resolve that now, if ever, was his opportunity to win the monarch's favor by a single action. He pondered, therefore, no longer; but drawing his dagger from its belt, cautiously essayed to open the paneled door by a pressure of the spring that he observed beneath. But it was the knob which had refused to yield to the previous effort of Alphonse, and still remained immovable. De Varens then passed his fingers carefully over the space apparently filled by the panels, and presently succeeded in detecting the true spring, or rather clamp, which stayed the door from opening. Unfixing the hold of this clasp, he was enabled to push outward the oaken framework, and the next moment cautiously protruding his head, he glanced around the apartment.

A bright light burned upon the table, on which also were wine and fragments of meat, with several piles of paper, despatches and orders of the Duke. A heavy sword lay upon the papers, the weapon of Charles himself, who had cast it there before flinging himself on a clump of cushions, spread upon the rushes that strewed the floor. The Duke lay upon his back, with one arm thrown across his broad chest, which was undefended by breastplate, though the chieftain still wore partial armor on his lower limbs. His helmet, shirt of mail, and mantle of cloth and linked rings which formed an outer hauberk, and bore upon its shoulder the Burgundian cross, lay upon chairs near the rude couch. De Varens marked these circumstances at a glance, and then advanced to his murderous object, clutching his weapon with closer tenacity in his right hand, whilst the other retained the taper which was to facilitate his retreat into the vaults. The French nobles vindictive features were now lit up with more fiendish malevolence. The cold cruelty of the look with which he was accustomed to freeze his suffering daughter was now exchanged for the fierce glare of the resolute assassin. Of a surety it seemed that Charles le Téméraire sleeping in the midst of a thousand faithful guards, was yet to be done to death by the blow of a midnight murderer. Another moment, and Godfrey de Varens bent over the slumberer, and raised his arm to measure with surer aim the stroke that was to crush the House of Burgundy.

But the career of Charles the Rash was not yet to terminate; his fate was reserved to another day and other hands; for, even as De Varens, in the tense excitement of his daring resolve, uplifted the dagger in his right hand, his left, which held the taper, unconsciously relaxed its hold, and the burning osier fell amid the rushes. In an instant the dry rushes ignited, suddenly blazed up like gunpowder; and the fierce glare flashed full upon the face of Charles, causing him to awake and leap wildly from the cushions. Godfrey de Varens saw that all was lost, and flung himself toward the secret closet, while the Duke, bewildered by the flame and smoke, burst open the door of the apartment, and shouting loudly to his attendants, rushed to the outer passage. A dozen voices answered to that of the chief, and cries of surprise and alarm followed in quick succession through the hostelry.

De Varens reached the open panel of the closet, but to his dismay the aperture, with its stone steps beneath, was no longer to be seen; the flooring had been closed by the same machinery which caused the door to move upon its hinges. The assassin must remain to perish in the burning room, or brave the danger of retreat through the ranks of his enemies without. Had he hesitated a moment ere adopting the latter alternative, De Varens had been lost assuredly; but he dashed forward at once through the door by which Charles himself had escaped, and in a moment more found himself in the midst of a crowd of knights and soldiery, who aroused in the upper chambers of the inn by the appalling cry of "fire," were hurriedly descending the staircase, seeking immediate safety by flight to the open air. Bareheaded like himself, and half-arrayed, the throng observed not that a stranger mingled with it, and thus borne outward with the press, De Varens speedily found himself beyond the hostelry walls in the midst of a tumultuous crowd of archers and men-at-arms, rushing from every direction toward the flames, which now appeared bursting through the window of the "best room," and spreading devouringly on either side. The Frenchman contented himself with a single glance in which Charles of Burgundy, as he sprang to a steed in the midst of his nobles, was not the least object of interest; then, mindful of his own jeopardy, he fled toward the forest border, and soon found himself beyond the sights and sounds which encompassed the "Blue Boar."

THE DANGER OF CHARLES THE RASH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERIL AND DELIVERANCE.

In the terror and tumult which followed the breaking out of the fire in the "Blue Boar," Simon Gütt, the serving-man of Pierre Bart, had turned his immediate attention to releasing the scores of horses belonging to the Burgundian cavaliers, that were tethered in the stables and out-houses of the hostelry. Totally unconscious of the terrible suspicions which attached to his master, whom he knew to have gone to the mill, he deemed the conflagration to be simply the result of some untoward accident, and therefore at once exerted himself, as beseemed a faithful servant, in the endeavor to lessen the evil as far as was in his power. Unheeding, indeed, aught but his duty, he plunged into shed and stall, loosening speedily the halters which confined the steeds, and casting such accoutrements over them as were in reach of his hands, until happily all were delivered from the danger which threatened them.

In the meantime, the nobles and soldiers first mounted, together with a body of guards who had remained in their saddles outside the hostelry gates, in readiness for whatsoever orders the Duke might transmit, had, in the earliest stage of the alarm, been mustered by a trumpet call, and had ridden off, with great speed, headed by the Duke himself, and bearing the banner of Burgundy. It was rumored, at the same time, that a general assault upon the camp by the Liegois had been discovered, and that the burning of the hostelry was in conjunction with the enemy's advance. Simon Gütt, absorbed in his efforts to protect, as far as possible, both the property of his master and the horses of the guests, heard but gave little heed to the flying remarks which, with loud cries and not a few oaths, were interchanged by the panic-stricken soldiery; but when, after the lapse of an hour, during which he had almost exhausted his strength in striving to save what could be reached of Pierre Bart's effects, the flames at last began to flag, for want of fuel, and he saw the roof that had sheltered him for many years falling into a red gulf, choked up already with timbers and mason work, it may well be conjectured that the faithful Swiss felt inclined to slacken his exertions, and reflect upon the catastrophe so suddenly encountered. At the same time an appalling thought abruptly crossed his mind—a thought regarding the fate of those unfortunate guests whom, as he well knew, Pierre Bart had bestowed, as he deemed so safely, in the subterranean apartments of the hostelry.—Simon Gütt, in common with the publican and Angela, shared, as we have learned, in the secret of this retreat; and he had hurriedly concealed the horses of De Varens and his two companions in the underground stalls that have been previously described. The spectacle, therefore, which the Swiss now looked upon—as he emerged, for the last time, from the falling house, and paused to gaze at the progress of destruction—was one calculated to inspire emotions of a fearful character in the good man's bosom. He saw, in the first place, that the more massy portions of the hostelry, embracing the chambers lately occupied by the Duke's suite, and including the "best room," had been entirely devoured by the destructive element, so that walls, floorings and roof were settled down in an undistinguishable mass, piled in a mountain of fiery fragments over the secret vaults below. Whether the thick oaken planks of the ground floor had been consumed in the fierce heat that had shrivelled up timbers and rafters above, and the fiery blast, sweeping downward, had traversed the passages beneath, destroying the unhappy travellers who had there sought refuge, was a question which Simon Gütt, gazing at smouldering ruins on one side, and spreading flames on another side of his late home, could not answer to himself: but he bethought him, on the instant, that though the granary, from which a concealed passage descended, was now inaccessible by reason of the fire, there was still left the forest passage, and through this, perchance, the guests beneath, if not already burned or stifled, might be rescued from their horrible situation.

No sooner did Simon Gütt bethink himself of the forest passage, than he determined to lose no time in reaching its distant outlet, at the dried ravine. With this view he turned from the blazing hostelry, and was about to hurry at once into the thick wood opposite the road, when he heard a great noise of shouting and running in the highway, and immediately afterwards there came a band of the soldiery, rending the air with furious cries, and dragging over the dusty highway, which was still illumined by the fiery glare, the figure of a man in whom Simon at once recognized a groom of the hostelry stables.

The wild exclamations and cries of vengeance which rose from these fierce soldiers, together with their inflamed countenances and furious gestures, as they brandished aloft their pikes and swords, struck the old Swiss with sudden terror, though he could not imagine the cause of all the clamor and tumult. His first impulse, indeed, on recognizing the groom, whom he knew to be a quiet, harmless servitor of his master, was to rush forward to the ruffians, and demand the reason of their treating the man with such roughness; but, ere he could act upon this feeling, he fancied that Pierre Bart's name was likewise mingled with the execrations of the soldiery, and, listening intently, became assured that they were threatening the good inn-keeper with the most terrible tortures, should he be so unlucky as to fall into their hands. Hearing these cruel intentions expressed against his master, Simon Gütt, though still ignorant of the suspicions which attached to the publican, began greatly to fear for his own safety; and seeing that the archers and pikemen filled all the road, and that, should he attempt to cross it, they might manifest some desperate intention toward himself, the Swiss servitor fell back cautiously, and, seeking concealment in a corner immediately behind the stone gateway, thence peered out with a sharp eye upon the men who dragged forward the poor groom.

But oh, what increase of mortal fright did Simon Gütt experience when, as he looked from the obscurity wherein he crouched, he beheld the cruel soldiers strip the wretched groom of all his clothing, and then, binding him naked upon the gate, shower upon him scores of heavy blows with pike staves, arrows and even swords, so that the man was presently hacked and bleeding at every joint; and not content with this, there rode up a richly-dressed cavalier, one of the nobles of the Duke's retinue, and bidding two stalwart knaves arm themselves with knotted cords, ordered them thereupon to cut and flagellate the groom until blood ran from his wounded back and loins: he meantime crying out, at first lustily, but thereafter quite faintly, protesting his innocence of some charge, until, at the last, he swooned away and fell forward from the gate, held up only by the cords, and so hung, without speech or motion, like one dead.

All this horrible scene was witnessed by Simon Gütt, as he cowered, more dead than quick, in the shadow cast by the gateway, and only a few yards from the groom, until, at length, becoming desperate by reason of his fear, he sprang up from his concealment, as the soldiers began to crowd nearer, and rushed with all his speed toward the forest border. The ruffians, on seeing his flight, and that the fugitive was one of the publican's household, raised a loud shout, and broke off in hot pursuit; but the Swiss had so soon crossed the highway, that he was beyond sight in a moment, making his way, for very life, through the forest undergrowth, until he reached certain pathways that he well knew, and struck forward toward the dried ravine.

But Simon Gütt had spent his strength in previous labors, and was little able to distance the hardy pikemen and arquebusiers. The direction which he had taken, moreover, led through several open glades of the forest, the crossing of which soon exposed him to the full view of his pursuers. In a brief space, the tumult and triumphant shouts behind, warned him that he was seen, and presently one and then another shot followed his flying footsteps. Nevertheless, the hardy Swiss was not one to be easily daunted, and he kept his course steadily, only deviating sufficiently to take advantage of the thicker clumps of trees. Thus he sped onward, approaching the dried ravine, until at length he had reached within bowshot of its mouth, when, to his increased alarm, he beheld a dozen horsemen advancing from among the crowd of foot soldiers, at a pace which must in a moment more bring them upon him. Simon Gütt gave himself up for lost, and sprang from the path into a dense thicket that skirted it; but at this moment a dozen shots were heard, and the fugitive felt that he was wounded. He uttered a prayer to Heaven, and staggered on through the thicket, till suddenly plunging heavily downward, he lost all sense and consciousness of what passed around him.

When Simon Gütt opened his eyes again, he found himself lying upon his back, still with pain, and bleeding from the wound which he had received by a bullet that had passed through his shoulder. All was dark around him, and as he essayed to rise, and groped with his unhurt hand, he could feel only jagged rocks, mingled with thick brambles upon every side. He dragged himself forward in the gloom, until he encountered what appeared to be a wall of stone, rising steeply higher than he could reach. He crawled along its base for some distance, but the pain of his wound, and of sore bruises that he felt upon his back and limbs, caused him soon to relinquish the attempt to discover his whereabouts, and, resigning himself to his situation, he sank down once more among the brambles. Thus hours passed on, until at length the gray dawn began to penetrate his dim prison, and enable him to distinguish objects about him. Changing his position, and stretching his limbs, stiff with the chill air, he crawled a little way on either side, and soon became satisfied that he was at the bottom of a deep pit, from which, perhaps centuries previous, had been quarried the stones wherewith had been built the old castle that had once occupied the site of the "Blue Boar" hostelry. Ages before, the rocky foundations of the old keep had been wrought from the forest bed, and, in the lapse of time afterwards, the very memory of the quarry, overgrown and concealed by tangled thickets, had faded away; so that Simon Gütt, familiar as he was with the forest, had never dreamed of its existence. Yet to this forgotten pit, whereinto he had unconsciously plunged, the Swiss now owed his deliverance from the fierce men who had pursued him. Disappearing in the darkness of the thicket, and falling to the bottom of the quarry, he had escaped death, and perhaps the most cruel tortures.

But, though thus providentially rescued from his enemies of the night before, Simon Gütt still found himself in a sad extremity. He was enfeebled with pain and exposure, so that he could scarcely move a limb, and he knew not what obstacles might be in his path from the quarry, or what perils might environ him in the forest. But he was a Swiss, and a Christian man, and even with the agony of his hurts, was mingled the thought of the unhappy ones immured alive, if not already perished, beneath the ruined hostelry. He knew, likewise, that if he did not make speed to extricate himself from the quarry, his failing strength would soon render the task impossible; so with a prayer to all the saints, Simon Gütt struggled to his feet, and with blood gushing afresh from his shoulder, began slowly and painfully to scale the rocky sides of the quarry. Many times he fell back, or sank exhausted, but only to nerve himself again to the effort, until, at last, after several hours of labor, he succeeded in reaching the bramble-grown edges of the pit, thence dragging himself into the upper thicket. Here he rested for a space, endeavoring to staunch the flow of blood from his wound, and then cautiously crawled through the undergrowth, until he emerged upon a forest-path, skirting its thinner borders. This path, as well as several glades through which it led, was trampled by horses' hoofs, showing that while the Swiss lay insensible at the bottom of the quarry, his pursuers had beaten the surrounding wood, dispersing in all directions in a useless search for the fugitive. Simon Gütt crossed himself devoutly, and thanked the Virgin for the narrow escape which he had had. Then, betaking himself again to the thick undergrowth, he slowly drew his suffering body along the ground, starting and cowering at every sound in the forest, until at length he reached the dried ravine, choked with drifts of shrivelled leaves, and thence, with a greater sense of security, pursued his painful course toward the secret vaults.

Meantime, the inmates of those dreary apartments had passed long hours of nameless terror. When the page Alphonse returned to his lady, to inform her of her father's disappearance, and of the closing of the trap-door, the daughter, unconscious of what evil it betokened to herself, thought only of her father's peril; but when hours passed away, and the lapse of time became so marked that, even in their subterranean prison, they knew that another day must have dawned upon the upper world, the fears of Margaret for her sire began to give way to terrible suspicions that herself and the page were abandoned to their fate. Thrice, in obedience to her wish, Alphonse had traversed the passage that led to the secret closet, and thrice sought to open the concealed panel by pressing the metal knob so easily moved before; but the door no longer shifted on its smooth grooving—the trap remaining immoveable as the masonry which surrounded it. The page returned to his mistress, and knelt with her in prayer, deeming despairingly that they were forsaken unto death.

At length, too, a new sense of peril began to alarm them. At first faint, but becoming gradually more perceptible, a subtle atmosphere, dry and heated, began to displace the damp air of the vaults, thickening slowly and growing dense, until fleecy wreaths filled the close passages and widened into the chamber wherein they sat. The flame of the lamp waned to a yellow light, and the arched ceiling became hidden by curling smoke, which now penetrated the throats and nostrils of the captives.

"Oh! blessed mother of Heaven!" murmured Margaret. "It is true, then, what my father said. Alphonse! I fear me they would smother us in this dreadful place."

"Nay, dear lady—it were shame in soldiers to murder thus the defenceless!" answered the page, reassuringly.

"But we shall perish, if no succor comes, Alphonse! Already I do feel this stifling vapor upon my brain. Surely there is fire in yonder passage."

"Would that I had an axe to batter down this oaken door!" cried the youth, as he rose and looked about the chamber. "There is an outlet beyond, surely; for it was by this the publican approached! He threw open the closet, wherein tapers and provisions were stored, and searched its ample shelves for some instrument with which he might assault the strong panels, that, clamped with iron, formed a barrier at this end of the apartment. But neither axe nor other weapon was to be seen, nor any moveable missile which might answer his intent; and, with gloomy forebodings he turned once more to Margaret, who had sunk prostrate, well nigh stifled by the thick smoke and rarefied air, which now increasing in heat invaded all the place, entering his own lungs and causing strange pains to shoot sharply through his head.

"Oh, Alphonse! we must die!" cried the Lady Margaret. "If thou, child, couldst but escape—if thou couldst but bear my dying words to her—"

She paused, gasping for breath.

"*Angela!*" murmured the page. "The good God will have her in his keeping."

"Thou shalt—thou *must* escape!" exclaimed his mistress, rallying herself feebly: "thou art young; God will rescue thee! Hark! did I not hear them coming!"

The page listened anxiously, but no sound without broke the silence. Margaret's head sank upon the ground, her eyes closed, and pallor overspread her features, rendered ghastly by the dim atmosphere around.

"*Oh, my lady*—my dear lady! awake! let us not yet despair!" cried Alphonse, bending over her. "They will come! God will not forsake us!"

But Margaret answered not; her form was rigid, and her breath seemed departed entirely.

At that moment, as the page clasped the cold hand of his mistress in silent terror, the sound of a key slowly turning in the ponderous lock of the oaken door, struck upon his ear, and caused him to utter a cry of joy. It was apparent that unaccustomed or feeble hands wielded that key, for it grated harshly and with uncertainty in the wards, and once appeared to be withdrawn wholly. Alphonse sprang to his feet, and running to the door, raised his voice, hoarse and stifled, crying,

"Haste! haste! for the love of Heaven! we are dying!"

But no response came, save that the key grated harshly again and again, till at last, as if turned with a greater effort, the bolt shot suddenly back, and the oaken barrier was flung open. Alphonse ran and hastily lifting his insensible mistress, bore her to the outer air, stumbling, as he did so, and well nigh falling over some crouching object on the threshold, invisible through the smoke, which now rushed outward from the close vaults.

But air—cool, moist, blessed air—cooled the page's forehead, and rushed revivingly into his parched throat and heated breast. He staggered onward out of the cloud of choking vapor, and then fell upon his knees, supporting Margaret with his remaining strength.

In a few moments, however, the dispersion of the vapor throughout the excavations that extended far on either side, allowed a purer atmosphere to pervade the vaults, under the influence of which the lady regained strength and consciousness. Alphonse fell upon his knees, in grateful acknowledgment of safety, and then, for the first time, discovered the agent of their deliverance in the person of a man who, propped against the stone framework of the open door, was just visible in the dim light which emanated from the interior apartment. This man was Simon Gütt, who had crawled thither from the dried ravine, marking each step with his dripping blood, but intent only on rescuing his master's ill-fated guests; and who, by God's mercy, had arrived in time to save the captives from a sudden and cruel death. The Swiss, with folded hands, responded to the page's thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XIX.

DE VARENS IN THE FOREST.

While Simon Gütt remained where he had fallen in the concealed quarry, and his unhappy master, Pierre Bart, bound with thongs and guarded by fierce men-at-arms, passed his first dreary night of captivity, the French noble, De Varens, whose evil star had been the cause of all, wandered, a fugitive, through the forest, apprehensive of capture in the darkness by the men of Burgundy, and no less dreading the approach of day, because it would then be more difficult for him to escape from the neighborhood. Without covering for his head, and deprived of the mantle which he was accustomed to wear, the old man now shivered in his surcoat through the long hours, cursing, by turns

his own rashness and the better fortune of Charles, and raving, in his impatient rage, to be revenged upon fate itself, which had thwarted his evil intent. At times, when he reverted to his daughter and Alphonse, still captives in the vaults, the wretched man would smite his forehead, and compress his lips till the blood almost started, and then, as if in defiance of all compassionate instincts, he would mutter—

"They will be burned like rats in their burrow! What boots it? Let the puling girl perish if the foul fiend so wills!"

But in vain the guilty noble sought, by outbreaks such as this, to banish remorseful thought. Still before him, in her pale and sorrowing beauty, arose the image of that child whose young existence he had made a torture; still the memory of the wrongs he had inflicted upon her whose only crime was love for the youth who saved his own miserable life, came like an accusing spirit, whispering in his shrinking ear—"De Varens! where is thy daughter?" He cowered before his recollections of the past that now pursued him like evil phantoms in the darkness; he cast himself upon the ground, covering his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out what could not be exorcised.

At length the morning broke, and De Varens, daring not to venture from the thickest portions of the wood, listened anxiously to every sound that was borne upon the breeze. Anon the distant roar of artillery came to his ears, and he knew that the army of the Liegois must be encountering that of Charles. He set forth in the direction of the cannonade with mingled fears and hopes; but dared not venture to emerge from the covert which afforded him securest shelter. Thus the hours passed on, until, as mid-day approached, the pangs of hunger oppressed him, and he began to fear that he should yet perish, lost perhaps in the forest, or, haply escaping from its wilderness, fall into the hands of enemies embittered by recent danger and perhaps already charged to capture him. He could not but dread that in his midnight attempt upon Charles, the awaking Duke might have beheld and recognized him, in which case, peradventure, his seizure by the fierce Burgundian would be followed, as was common in those days, by a "short shrift and a bloody shroud." Thus tormented by his bitter reflections on the past, and the actual perils of the present, De Varens felt little consolation in the conviction that he had become bewildered in a woody labyrinth, and entirely ignorant of his whereabouts in the forest, which, like many of the wildernesses of the country, extended for scores of miles through valleys and over hills, as well as on both sides of the river which penetrated it. In vain he retraced the narrow paths that intersected each other through the covert; in vain ventured at times into the more open portions of the wood, apprehensive the while of sudden apparitions in the shape of armed Burgundians. Mid-day found him still wandering in the maze of thickets, and thereafter clouds beginning to overspread the sky, threatened soon to deprive him even of the sun's guidance. During an hour or more after this he endeavored to keep in view the more strongly-marked paths, but whether these were merely tracks of wood cutters, or he was too unversed in forest craft to trace their deviations, certain it was that the entire day had been consumed, when, weary and famished, he arrived near the battle-field of St. Tron. Since the sun's light had been obscured by clouds, he had been unable to discern by shadows his straightest course, and had doubtless doubled many times upon his own footsteps: but now, as evening began to approach, the forest growth that he reached appeared thinner, until the plains of an open country became visible through the widening lawns. At intervals throughout the day, as has been remarked, he had heard the distant thunder of artillery, and it was consequently no matter of surprise to him that he now beheld, in the extended space before him, the marks of recent and severe conflict between hostile armies. He saw, in pausing suddenly to peer forth from the covert that still sheltered him, what he could not doubt was the battle-field on which Charles of Burgundy had that day encountered the rebellious citizens of Liege.

De Varens was in no mood to moralize upon the bloody scene of recent hand-to-hand strife. He paused, it is true, with folded arms, and gazed out from the thicket in moody meditation; but at this moment, as with frowning forehead and compressed lips he dwelt in contemplation on the prospect before him, the pangs of appetite were quite as active a spur to his thoughts as was any merely mental stimulus. Nevertheless though at least a score of hours had elapsed since food had passed his lips, perhaps even now (disputing with physical discomfort) the torture of an unquiet conscience still gnawed as deeply in his gloomy bosom.

The conflict of St. Tron had been concluded some hours before, and a thousand bodies strewed the trampled plain—victors and vanquished lying undistinguished in heaps where they had fallen. The main army of Charles had marched toward Liege; but small detachments of soldiers yet remained upon the spot, engaged in identifying their own dead, or rifling the bodies of slaughtered foemen. Rude tumbrils were moving slowly from the field, evidently filled with wounded survivors of the fray; and as the lingering soldiers wore the cross of Burgundy upon their surcoats, the French noble quickly divined that the allies of his master must have been defeated, and that Charles had driven their scattered remnants to the walls of the cities from which they had marched out to give him battle. He waited not, however, to learn more by encountering the plunderers of the slain; but keeping still within the forest borders, began to retrace his steps along the highway route in an opposite direction to that in which the Burgundian army had advanced to the investment of Liege.

But the clouds that had long hidden the sun's light, began now to thicken, until, as night set in, De Varens found himself again encompassed by gloom and entangled in the forest labyrinth. It was with many maledictions that he looked forward to another night of exposure and sleeplessness, but there was no help, save in attempting, by seeking the open plains, to reach some straggling dwelling, with the risk of encountering enemies at every step. His object was to gain the mill of St. Tron, but he knew not now in what direction to direct his course; since the increasing obscurity soon concealed even a wood path from his eyes. So yielding at length to necessity, he was about to resign himself to a pillow beneath some sheltering covert, when he saw suddenly, through an opening among the trees, that he was close upon the ruins of the "Blue Boar" hostelry, from which he had fled the night preceding.

Ruined, indeed, was the house of Pierre Bart; for all that De Varens could distinguish were the naked walls that surrounded a gulf of smouldering fire, the dull glare of which, penetrating the forest, had made him aware of his locality. He beheld enough, however, to convince him that the subterranean vaults must be buried, as they were evidently covered by the charred rafters and masonry that choked the space between the massy foundations of the dismantled walls. It was natural that, at this sight, the thought of his innocent daughter should again press remorsefully upon his soul; and as he peered out from the woodland border, across the now deserted road, evidently to fix the situation of the vaults, he could almost fancy that he beheld the form of Margaret, lying pale and cold, stifled beneath the mound of fire, or more horrible still, crushed under the weight of falling walls and roof-tree crashing down to her prison-house. It was then, for the first time, that the wretched man felt the desolation of his own state, alone and conscience-stricken in the world which he had made cheerless for his child. He smote his breast, as he ventured near to the road, and by turns muttering prayers and blasphemies, approached the blackened gate-posts of the hostelry, where still hung the discolored corpse of the groom who had been scourged to death by the Burgundian soldiery. It needed not this poor relic of tortured humanity to remind him of the danger which he ran of being marked by some prowling follower of the army: for at the very instant that he emerged from the forest, and stood revealed in the yellow glare that disclosed the road, another figure appeared to start up suddenly beside him, and a voice said, mildly:

"Benedicite!"

The first motion of De Varens had been to draw his sword, but a glance at the object in his path inspired less hostile action. He saw that the speaker was a monk, clad in the loose garb peculiar afterwards to the pilgrims of St. Francis. A wide and long robe of frieze was bound about the waist by a thick rope, over which a cape depended several inches below the girdle; while a hood or cowl, with pointed extremity, hanging backward on the neck, completed the coarse costume. The hood was capacious, and flapped over the face, but enough of the monk's features could be distinguished to show that he was swarthy of skin, with piercing eyes, and a heavy, sable beard. De Varens paused abruptly in front of the man, and replied to his salutation, by exclaiming:

"Who are you?"

The tone in which this question was asked seemed to startle the ecclesiastic with fear of personal violence; for he drew back a pace, and hesitated for a moment before answering:

"I am but a poor pilgrim, my son, faring humbly on my road to the dominions of King Louis of France. Chance brought me hither to view this scene of desolation, wherein, I fear me, human life hath suffered much."

"By fire and sword men commonly die now-a-days, good father," said De Varens. "If thy journey lead thee a league or more to the other border of this forest, thou may'st find the wolves devouring men-at-arms at their leisure."

"A battle has been fought?" said the monk, interrogatively. "I did think to proceed on my journey, but the nearness of mortal strife constrained me to abide this day in yonder wood."

"Where journeyest thou?" asked De Varens abruptly, though in a deferential tone, as addressing an ecclesiastic.

"To the city of Paris it may be," replied the pilgrim.

"I go thither myself," said De Varens. "But, tell me, good father, if thou hast halted in the forest here without breaking fast from sunrise to sunset?"

"Nay, I abide in the habitation of a worthy forester hard by," replied the monk.

"If that be so, father, in God's name lead me thither, for I crave some little refreshment ere I journey to the mill of St. Tron! Knowest thou where the mill stands, good father?"

"I am a stranger in these parts, son; but if thou wilt follow, I will lead speedily to the forester's habitation." Saying this, the monk, who had spoken always in the same measured and low tone of voice, crossed the road before De Varens, and led the way into the wood, and through several openings, until they reached a rude hut standing in the centre of a clearing. At the door of this structure stood the grim figure of its owner, whose blackened garments and countenance denoted his occupation to be that of a charcoal-burner. Passing this man, who bowed low to his priestly guest, De Varens entered the hut and seated himself upon the single stool which stood by a rude table near the hearth, whereon burned a few dull embers. The monk, meanwhile, whispered his wants to the rustic, and presently the latter set before the noble some coarse bread and herbs, together with a flask of sour wine with which the visitor proceeded briefly to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The monk, meanwhile, inquired if during his absence for the space of an hour, the sounds of soldiery had been heard in the forest, to which the coal-burner returned a negative, and thanked the Virgin that the strife had rolled onward to a distance from his humble dwelling.

"Let me sleep the sleep o' quiet conscience," said the man, "and may the fighting-men keep far from our forest! This is my prayer, holy father!"

"A good petition for such as thee," muttered De Varens, as he glanced up wrathfully at the simple peasant whose bread he was eating. And the noble cursed the coal-burner in his heart, for the grimy face and scared hands seemed to rebuke his own soiled and hardened soul. When he had finished his repast, swallowing the last drop of poor wine, he asked abruptly—

"Where is the mill of St. Tron, sirrah! that of which one Jean Schaeffer is the miller!"

"The mill, master, is more than a league from this spot," answered the coal-burner, pointing through the door of his hut out into the gloom beyond the clearing. He threw, as he spoke, a few pine knots upon the hearth, causing a blaze to spring up and cast a red glare around the hut's interior. "The mill of Maitre Jean stands a good league from the Blue Boar hostelry that was, for there be nothing left of poor Pierre Bart's house save it be the ashes that cover his bones, and those of sweet Angela, his little one, may the Virgin receive her soul!"

De Varens' frame became agitated, but he remained silent for several moments, during which the monk, whose brown cowl still flapped closely over his face, appeared to regard him attentively. At length, however, he rose abruptly, saying, as he cast down upon the board some silver coins,

"There, fellow! pay thyself for the meal, and direct me speedily to this mill of St. Tron. And if thou hast cloak or head-gear to sell, thou shalt have double thanks withal."

The coal-burner shook his head, but the priest interposed.

"I have a soldier's rough morion at your service, son," said the latter, in his measured tones—"a steel-ribbed cap that some man-at-arms left upon the highway in flight from the battle-field. Mantle I have none, save, indeed, another serge frock like that which I now wear. But such as I have are at hand." He turned aside, in speaking, to a corner of the hut, where, upon the earthen floor, lay a wallet or scrip such as travelling friars were accustomed to carry, and drawing from this a steel-bound bonnet, and a mantle of dark stuff, proffered them quietly to the noble.

At this moment a sudden gust of wind surged through the forest without, and into the hut, driving the flame and smoke of the hearth in eddies to the roof: and the next instant large drops of water, plashing loudly as they descended through the trees, gave intimation of a violent storm. The coal-burner hastily closed the door, crossing himself as he did so, and immediately after the storm broke with a fierce clatter over the forest, and a flood of rain poured down upon the rude habitation. It was one of the heavy tempests usual at the season, which, like a tornado or water-spout, was precipitated without the slightest notice from gathered clouds, sweeping whole districts with terrible force, and oftentimes involving harvests, dwellings, and even villages, in wide-spread destruction.

"We cannot go forth to-night, save with danger to life or limb," said the coal-burner. "The flood will be presently upon us, and no man can safely encounter it."

De Varens muttered a malediction as he heard the wild surge of water through the clearing; but he knew likewise the correctness of the peasant's assertion, and that in these thick woods, with their branches beaten down each moment and twisted off by wind gusts, it would be scarcely possible to make headway, and entirely impracticable to keep a forest path. He went back, therefore, gloomily, to his seat, and scarcely vouchsafed a reply to the well-meant attempts of the monk to break the monotony of the place by venturing, from time to time, some slowly spoken observation. Meantime, the coal-burner dragged forth several well-worn skins, which he presently piled in a corner, making a rude couch, which he pointed out to his guests as their resting-place for the night. The monk, however, signified his intention of remaining, at least for the present, as a watcher; for he seated himself upon a log near the blazing embers, and drawing from his bosom what appeared to be a missal, became soon lost, apparently, in its perusal. Soon afterwards the French noble betook himself, without further colloquy, to his pallet, whilst the storm without, gathering in its fury, shook the strong timbers of which the hut was composed, and roared about its walls like the vexed sea dashing against rocky headlands.

After De Varens had thus disposed himself, the grimy host of the hut, having knelt devoutly for the blessing of the ghostly guest, stretched his stalwart frame upon a single skin before the hearth, and was soon slumbering that sleep which rewards daily toil with sweet forgetfulness and invigorating rest. The friar, however, seemed in no haste to partake of repose; but continued upon his log, with head propped against the rough wall, and eyes fixed upon the book before him; save when, at intervals, he cast a fresh fragment of pine upon the hearth, in order to renew the fading blaze. Thus passed hours, till the hard breathing of De Varens gave token that he, too, had subsided to dreams, if not to rest; and then the monk, after listening attentively for some time, rose noiselessly from his position, and approaching the sleeping noble, whose face was fully disclosed in the strong light of the fire, stooped slowly beside him and attentively examined his features.

What might be the motive of the friar in this scrutiny, or to what conclusion he arrived at its close, was not revealed in his swarthy countenance, from which he cast back his cowl, in order, as might be, to obtain a nearer view of the sleeper; but when, in a moment more, he withdrew his gaze, it was to clasp his hands tightly together, and gaze upward as with a voiceless adjuration. He then replaced in his bosom the book which he had been perusing, and seating himself upon the stool, leaned his arm upon the table, and appeared to resign himself to profound meditation. In this manner the hours passed on, night moving slowly, till at length the noise of descending torrents was heard no longer without the hut, the furious wind decreased and died at length away, and all grew silent. Still the friar slept not; but when the night seemed stillest, opened softly the hut door, and went forth into the thick mist that filled the forest, drawing his cowl and mantle around him as he crossed the clearing, and strode backward and forward under the water-laden foliage of the trees with the measured tread of a sentinel on guard. Surely it seemed that this holy friar, more than Godfrey de Varens, had that upon his mind which denied the boon of sleep to his restless body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH WARS.—In the anecdotes of fashion it is recorded, that when Louis VII., in obedience to the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich province of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred had Louis VII., not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our spirited and vindictive Queen Eleanor.—*The Barber's Shop.*

☞ A paper having stated, some months ago, that "Washington is infested with a gang of desperate scoundrels," Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, replies—"This is evidently an inadvertence. Congress does not assemble until the first Monday in December."

☞ The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Warrior's Lament;" "To My Parents;" "Dancing!" "Memory the Shadow-Land."

NOTICE.—If those whose subscriptions expire with the year, would send on their names for renewal as speedily as possible, they would confer a great favor upon us.

OUR NOVELETS.

In our next paper—the first of the new year—we design commencing Mr. Arthur's Original Novelet, written expressly for THE POST. It is entitled,

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, we expect to be able to give GRACE GREENWOOD'S story, unavoidably deferred by sickness, called

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

A LAST WORD.

The present paper closes the year. With it expire the subscriptions of a large number of our club subscribers. We trust to hear from all of them soon, renewing their lists. Yes, not only renewing the old lists, but largely adding to their number. For, even if the times be hard, the sum required to insure the continuance of the weekly visits of THE POST is a mere trifle to almost every one. Economy or self-denial for a few days in some single article of food alone, would enable even a poor family to save enough to supply themselves with nourishing food for the mind and heart for a whole year.

To economize by cutting off the weekly reading of a family, is a measure of folly instead of prudence—and, where there are children, it almost amounts to a crime. Besides, it is an illustration of the old maxim, "penny wise, pound foolish." For one good practical idea caught from the weekly paper—be it in the shape of household economy, or referring to the management of the farm, plantation, or stock, will probably be worth, even in the hard dollars, three times the cost of the paper.

These truths are so obvious, that it scarcely seems necessary to allude to them. But we may be allowed to suggest them for the use of our friends when seeking to obtain new subscribers. Putting everything of a merely pleasurable character aside—considering as of no value the moral lessons inculcated, or the information furnished upon a hundred subjects—the agricultural hints, the useful receipts, and the financial news published yearly in THE POST, are worth in themselves to every farmer or planter three times (and often twenty times) the price of subscription. We trust therefore that no foolish pleas of economy will lead any man to deny himself or his family, the innocent enjoyments and the manifold advantages of a good weekly paper.

BETHANY COLLEGE, VA.—A letter from Mr. Campbell, the President of this college, whose main building recently was destroyed by fire, states that steps will be immediately taken for the erection of a larger and more appropriate college edifice; and the Faculty confidently appeal to all the patrons of education, and especially to the friends of Bethany College, to continue the encouragement and confidence which they have so long enjoyed. Three large rooms have been procured for immediate use, and the studies will not be interrupted.

EVERY INCH A KING.—The Portuguese seem at length to have a king rather more worthy of the name than the European monarchs in general. He is scarcely of age, and yet he insists upon visiting the hospitals, regardless of the pestilence now prevailing in Lisbon, cheers the sick with kind words, and enforces, as far as possible, the strictest attention to their wants. His name is Pedro—Pedro II.

OUR PROSPECTUS.—We are somewhat amused at seeing the language of our recent Prospectus copied, to a greater or less extent, by several of our contemporaries. It is flattering, no doubt—but still, for obvious reasons, we would rather our friends would write their own Prospectuses.

THE EXPANSION POLICY.

Our readers will remember that THE POST, in common with a few other papers, seriously questioned the stringent policy pursued by the New York City Banks in the late crisis, as calculated to bring upon them the very evil that they feared. The result was as we predicted—they contracted and contracted, until they were forced, in turn, by their customers, to suspend.

In England, when the panic began to rage there, the *London Times* advised the Bank to pursue the same foolish policy of contraction, contraction, continued contraction, which had resulted in suspension in the United States.—But, fortunately, wiser heads had the control of affairs. Obedient to the opposite policy, the Bank began to expand. That expansion put an end to the universal hoarding of means which was going on—to meet "future" contingencies which probably never would come to pass.—When merchants found they could get plenty of money, they did not want it—"at least not just then." If the money could not be had, they wanted it—but if the Bank was prepared to loan on good securities, to any reasonable amount, then they did not want it.

Well, the Bank of England expanded—broke the back of the panic—and, at the last advices, had again been able to contract its issues within the legal limit. The whole amount of the expansion was, we believe, about three millions of pounds. But it was not this comparatively trifling amount, but the confidence in the general solvent condition of the nation which it typified, that prevented the financial ruin which would otherwise have ensued.

Thinkers upon this subject of finance should not omit in their calculations, the necessity of an allowance or counterpoise for the folly of mankind. Mere financial panics may be just as productive of real evil as any other panics. How many battles have been lost which might have been won, simply from the effects of a silly fright. And when you know that "conceit can kill," why hesitate to have recourse to the equally true adage that "conceit can cure."

CAMELS AND LLAMAS.

In a recent official letter from Mr. Beale, superintendent of the wagon road from Fort Defiance to the Mohave river, we find the following:—

"I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of that noble brute, the camel; and I confidently look forward to the day when it will be found in general use in all parts of the country. The idea that their feet would break down in travelling our rocky grounds is an exploded absurdity.

"In all the explorations over the roughest possible volcanic rocks, they have been with us, patiently carrying water, of which they never drank a drop, and corn, of which they never tasted a grain. On the expedition from which I returned yesterday, they were four days without water, and apparently without feeling the want of it."

The camel experiment, therefore, may be almost set down already as a successful one. And doubtless that of the Llamas will be equally favorable. A flock containing seventy-one "alpacas," was recently shipped from Aspinwall, and forty-two of them have arrived safely in New York—the other twenty-nine having died on the passage, in consequence of the severe weather. The vessel put into Key West afterwards, where the remaining animals were much recruited.

Relative to the wagon road to California, which Mr. Beale is now exploring, he writes very favorably as follows:—

"The last two days have been spent in constant explorations of the country in advance, towards the Great Colorado river, in order that I might know on what to depend when I left this place, as the country has been represented as barren of grass and water.

"Up to this point (100 miles east of the Colorado) the road has been, beyond all comparison, over the easiest unbroken country for the same distance I have ever seen; and should it prove of a more difficult character from this point to the State line of California, it will even then be a thousand times better one than any I know of; offering, as it does, abundance of water and grass throughout, and passing through the finest forests of pine timber possible to conceive."

FIREMEN'S BALL.—We are indebted to the members of the Northern Liberty Hose Company of this city, for an invitation to attend their Ball, on New Year's Eve, at the National Guard's Hall, Race street below Sixth.

New Publications.

THE FARMER'S BOY, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is got up in holiday style, with copious illustrations. It is, and will be for many a century, the epic poem of the farmer's life. Here the whole scenery and labor of the field and farmhouse, the seasons from seed-time to harvest, and from harvest to seed-time again, the year and all that is seen and done in it by rustic eyes and hands, are lifted into homely, heartfelt, and graphic poetry. Bloomfield stands in English literature with Bunyan and Burns—himself a farmer's boy, whose strong natural genius repaired the defects of his social position, and wrought this pure and true pastoral poem, in which his own observation and experience are inlaid. A large proportion of the illustrations which adorn this book are from the hand of Birket Foster, an artist whose pictures are wonderful for effects of color and atmosphere, and all nice gradations of light and shade, which he suggests to the eye with the tints and semi-tints of a black-lead pencil on white paper. Never did a lead pencil so closely encroach upon the magic of a palette streaming with colors, as in the pictures of Birket Foster.

WORLD-NOTED WOMEN, OR TYPES OF THE WOMANLY ATTRIBUTES OF ALL LANDS AND AGES, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a book, big as a Bible, splendidly printed and bound, and richly furnished with seventeen beautifully executed steel engravings of as many famous women of various climes and times. The portraits are accompanied with appropriate analytical disquisitions on the character and actions of these celebrities. In this way we pass in review the Greek Sappho and Aspasia, the Roman Lucretia and Cecelia, Cleopatra the Egyptian, Valentine de Milan of Italy, Heloise, Laura, Joan D'Arc, Margaret and La Valliere of France, Isabella of Castile, Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine of Russia, Pocahontas of America, and Lady Jane Grey and Florence Nightingale of England. The essays are written carefully, and with judgment and knowledge. One of them—that on Pocahontas—is the composition of Mrs. Balmanno of New York. One other, telling the old, pathetic story of Joan D'Arc in a rhetoric that jets fire and drops tears, is from the pen of our own Grace Greenwood. All the rest are the work of Mrs. Clarke, of England, and, "take them for all in all," they are pleasant reading.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, (D. Appleton & Co, New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a gift-book worth the giving. Author, artist, and publisher, have conspired to make it worthy. Its turquoise-tinted covers are embossed with arabesques of golden vines and flowers. It is printed on delicate salmon-colored satin paper, thickly strown with illustrations, which truly make the subjects and scenery of the poems evident to the eye. The best English artists have wrought to embellish these dainty leaves—Lawrence, Birket Foster, William Harvey, Weir, Tenniel, the Brothers Dalziel, and others of equal fame. Mr. Bryant himself has collected and arranged the poems, which now appear with the last revising touches of his pen. The book deserves notice as an exquisite edition of the writings of one who is distinctively an American poet, and whose poems, sobered with deep sense, and tinctured in the grain with a gentle and thoughtful humanity, shine throughout with the equal and tender brightness of a blue and golden Autumn day.

HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND HIS COTEMPORARIES, by JOHN C. HAMILTON, (D. Appleton & Co., T. B. Peterson,) is the first volume of a contribution to our account of ourselves as a nation, and is to be at once a history and a biography. It is the result of the examination of a mass of documents deposited in the United States archives, and recently opened to the author. Private collections have also been brought to the vintage from which this history is distilled. It will form a complete series of authentic facts arranged into a narrative, and designed for practical reference in affairs of State.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING, by THOMAS CAMPBELL, (D. Appleton, New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is well enough known for its beauty, its vigor, its pathos, and its incredible blunders in our natural and national history. We have it here in holiday guise, on pale salmon-tinted paper, crowded with pictures by Dalziel, Harvey, and the inimitable Birket Foster.

SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—I am an old housekeeper, and having met with something new and good, I feel as if I ought to speak of it to the wide circle of housekeepers who read your truly admirable paper. Boiled coffee, you are aware, is superior to coffee made in the French strainer; but the great trouble has been that, in boiling, the fine aroma goes off with the vapor, and leaves behind, in too concentrated a form, the mere bitter principle. There are, as you know, in coffee, a bitter and an aromatic principle. When boiled in a common coffee-pot, a large portion of the aromatic, which is very volatile, escapes, and the bitter, as just said, remains. The excellence of coffee depends entirely upon the amount of aroma retained in boiling; but all know that this delicious fragrance of the berry is usually allowed to pervade the whole house for half-an-hour or more before breakfast, during the boiling process, and that, in too many cases, the flavor of the coffee is so impaired, that little or no enjoyment is found in drinking it.

This is my experience, and most of your readers will confirm it by theirs. Well, then, the something new and good that I have found, is a coffee-pot in which you may boil your coffee one hour or three, and lose none of the aroma or strength. It is called "THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE-POT." I saw a notice of it some months ago, and at once procured one which we have now been using for over three months, and more delicious coffee I have never tasted than is made in it daily. Visitors say, "We never tasted coffee before," and ask in wonder how it is made.

This new coffee-pot, for which letters patent have been granted, is constructed upon true scientific principles. It is made in two parts. Below is the boiler, in which the coffee is placed as in an ordinary coffee-pot—strained, if preferred, by a strainer attached; or cleared with egg—and above is a condenser, in which two syphons are arranged. "After the coffee and water are placed in the coffee-pot, the condenser, containing a small portion of cold water, is put on, and the spout closed with a movable cap, so that not a particle of vapor can escape. As soon as the coffee begins to boil, the vapor, instead of being given off into the room, passes up one of the syphons and is condensed by the cold water, into which as much of the aroma as was carried off with the vapor, is discharged. As the coffee continues to boil, the vapor, loaded with the aroma, continues to pass through the syphon into the water held in the condenser, until this water is raised above the level of the other syphon, when the whole passes back, by suction, into the coffee below. Thus the coffee is boiled, and yet does not lose a particle of its fine aroma or strength."

I copy this description of the boiler and process of using it, from a card accompanying the coffee-pot. It is accurate, and gives you a clear notion of the thing.

Now, this is no complicated affair, but a simple arrangement, and as easy to manage as an ordinary coffee-pot. My cook says that she sees no difference as to the trouble of using; but finds vastly increased pleasure in the uniform praise she receives for her good coffee.

You may rest assured, Mr. Editor, and the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, that just what I have stated above is true. I would not part with my "*Old Dominion Coffee-Pot*" for five times its cost, if another was not to be obtained. It can be found, I presume, at most of the housekeeping stores. A HOUSEKEEPER.

☞ Wewitzer, who was considered as having in a number of jokes brought forth nothing beneath his talent, the circumstance was remarked by a Scotch gentleman present, who without any knowledge whatever of the person, exclaimed, "Ah! mon, you are e'en like myself, a WEE-WIT-SIR!" (This is probably the best instance of an unintentional joke on record.)

☞ Laws descend like an inveterate, hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense, beneficence plague.—*Goethe.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WINTER SETTING IN—ANOTHER MARTYR TO CRINOLINE—A USEFUL INVENTION—A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION—BARBARIC SPLENDORS—A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.—THE WAY TO FAME—A POET'S HERITAGE.

Paris, November 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial, with all their respective "Households," have just returned to Paris for the winter. The railway station was magnificently decorated on the occasion; and a crowd, as usual, had stationed themselves along the line of march from that point to the Tuileries, to witness the passage of the grand carriages and their occupants.

The little Prince, who is thriving apace, takes his airings regularly in an open carriage, with his governesses and a strong escort of cavalry. What would the good folks of London think if Queen Victoria could not venture to send her numerous progeny out for a drive without this display of brass helmets and cold steel?

Another victim has just been added to the lists of those who have already fallen a sacrifice to hoops and crinoline. The Countess de Thézut, much known and beloved in the *beau monde* of Paris, has been spending the autumn, like other grand people, in her chateau of Mongeoune, near Nerzy. A few days ago, on entering the dining-room, the Countess went too near the fire; her dress, stuck out over a balloon-petticoat, took fire, and the flame blazed up to a pyramid with an instantaneous rapidity that nothing but the action of her petticoat can explain. Her mother and a servant who happened to be in the dining-room, hastened to her assistance, but the poor lady lost all presence of mind, and rushed into the next room, screaming wildly for help. Her husband and all the servants came running from every part of the house, and every effort was made to crush out the fire. But alas! the fatal petticoat could not be compressed. When the efforts of the assistants got it under on one side, the elasticity of the material and the hands of it out on the other; and acting as a pair of bellows on the flaming mass of drapery, everything the Countess wore was speedily in a state of combustion, and so horribly was she burned, before the fire could be got under, that she expired the same afternoon, after four hours of the most acute suffering. Almost all the persons about her were more or less burned; the count's hands suffered more than those of any one else, he having been the most active in his efforts to save his unhappy wife from the flames. One of his hands it is thought can never be restored.

Is it not sad that women have no more sense of the worth and dignity of their part in the world, than to waste time, strength and money on a style of dress which is at once costly, inconvenient and dangerous both to themselves and to those about them, and which has not even the merit of exciting the admiration of the other sex, who, as is notoriously evident all the world over, detest the present style of petticoats (and of bonnets) almost to a man?

This shocking catastrophe, which has really occurred, and is not a newspaper paragraph but a terrible fact, reminds me that some modifications in the absurdities of the reigning toilette are announced as imminent, though, from the persistence of the gay world in any folly it has taken into favor, one dares not be too sanguine of the truth of the rumor: also, that some interesting experiments have just been exhibited here, by Messrs. Schessel & Thauret, at the Cirque Napoleon, of this city, showing the efficacy of their invention for rendering objects of every kind incombustible. Different species of woven stuffs, muslin, hemp, paper, &c., were inclosed in a box, and placed in the middle of a roaring fire: on opening the box, its contents were uninjured. A small roof of deal was submitted to the action of the fire; the surface was slightly scorched, but the fire took no hold of it. On a deal table were placed a mass of straw, strips of paper, silhouettes, &c., and these were covered with a piece of prepared calico. Faggots were then heaped on this cloth and fired; and though they burned furiously, the cloth was absolutely insensible to the heat, and the combustible materials below it were perfectly protected. Curtains, papers, ornaments of various kinds, previously prepared, were suspended over a roaring fire of deal boards, and were not affected in the slightest degree. Dresses, petticoats, stockings, &c., were surrounded with faggots, and lighted torches were thrown in among these articles of clothing; but though the wood was all consumed, the clothing remained intact.

One can't open a journal, no matter from what corner of the globe, without coming on "horrible catastrophies" that make one's hair stand on end, and records of crime that make one stop and consider seriously whether the world is not, after all our talk of progress, growing worse instead of better. Of the former, since the failing of a great commission-warehouse at Frankfort, carrying a number of the workmen in the ruins, one of the most shocking is the explosion of the powder-magazine, at Mayence, on the 16th of this month. The frightful violence of the explosion will be understood from the fact of the commotion having perceptibly shaken the railway-bridge at Frankfort, and that, at Wiesbaden and a score of other towns and villages in that part of the world, claps like thunder were distinctly heard, and so loud that windows were broken, and doors forced open, so that the people there supposed there was an earthquake. A letter from Mayence, dated Nov. 18, 4 P. M., says: "We have had a terrific catastrophe here, an hour ago. The old tower of the prison, recently converted into a powder-magazine, at the frontier of the ancient quarter called the Keistrich, near the gate of Gau, has exploded, with everything in its neighborhood. The Keistrich is a heap of ruins. A great number of persons in the streets and houses adjacent are killed; more or less injured. The windows of a whole city are broken, and many have been cracked by the flying glass. Stones of enormous weight have been hurled half across the Rhine and into the Rhine; chimneys and walls are crumbled to pieces. St. Stephen's and the Evangelical Church have been dreadfully injured. The citadel the soldiers were on parade; hundreds of them have been wounded." Advices a few hours later, state that the English girls there has been completely destroyed, the young ladies and the teachers were able to escape in safety. Half of Gau street is in ruins one hundred and twenty houses are blown down or in part. Parts of the churches have fallen: in some cases, great stones have been hurled up into the air, and have fallen on the roofs of houses, smashing through the consecutive floors in their descent. Several bombs have burst in the ruins of the magazine, since the explosion; so that the greatest precautions are necessary in proceeding to search the ruins for the victims who are buried under them.

Subsequent intelligence tells of a whole family, father, mother and three children, who were all killed and buried together; of soldiers on the march of whom sixty were killed or wounded; of a poor young sculptor found dead, with his chisel in his hand, struck by a great block of masonry as he was working on a statue; of frightful killings and maimings, and of miraculous escapes, such as that of one of the editors of the *Gazette de Mayence*, who was quietly seated at his desk, in the office of that journal, inditing a leader for the next day's issue, when a mass of masonry fell on the roof of the house, smashing everything as it fell, breaking down ceilings and furniture, and falling a few feet from the horrified editor, who could not believe his eyes when the crash and whirl of falling materials filled his sanctum, all Mayence shuddering as with an earthquake, in that same fearful moment. His amazement at his escape, for he was not injured in the slightest degree, was greater than ever when he found what had happened.

The authorities of Mayence, and the Government, are busy organizing subscriptions for the hundreds of wounded and shelterless persons thus thrown on the public charity; and subscriptions are being set on foot throughout all the States of Germany, for the same object.—The frightful national calamities of the last two or three years, calling for so large an effort of national and international generosity, will, it is to be hoped, turn the attention of practical men to the necessity of organizing some plan of General Insurance, whereby a yearly payment, by every individual member of society, so small that it would not be felt even by the poorest, would form a fund for the re-payment of all the losses incurred through accidents of every kind. Statistians have already shown the feasibility of such an extension of a principle already universally recognized; and the necessities of the age will no doubt enforce its adoption in course of time. Meantime, the King of Bavaria has caused a gunpowder magazine to be removed out of the limits of his capital; and it is to be hoped that this sage precaution will be imitated in other countries.

In the general dearth of news, the French journals are delightedly copying into their own columns the details given by the London papers of the late presentation of the Siamese Ambassadors at Windsor, and the long list of presents they have made to Queen Victoria, in the name of their two royal and imperial masters. Phya-Montri-Surigwanse, and Chan-Mun-Sar-Beddh-Bharti, are the representatives of the first King, and Cha-Mun-Mondis-Bidarlis is the representative of the second King of Siam. They are accompanied by two officers, whose names are quite as long as their own, appointed to guard the treasures sent over, an interpreter, two captains, and a messenger bearing letters to the Queen from the two sovereigns, written in gold. As to the presents, they sound like a page out of the Arabian Nights. An oriental crown of gold and enamel, enriched with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; an enormous star of diamonds; a gold necklace full of rubies; a massive gold ring set with diamonds and other magnificent stones; a golden belt with rubies; a throne; a white tortoise shell of inestimable value, set with innumerable precious stones; a cup and saucer of agate; a rich palanquin; a most splendid saddle and bridle; a quantity of parasols richly embroidered with gold; coffers and gobiets of massive gold; silver saltcellars rimmed with gold, richly chased; a gong, and a quantity of other curiosities remarkable for their richness of quality and elaborate workmanship; together with a picture representing the interior of the Court of the Kings of Siam.

As we remarked just now, catastrophes seem "the order of the day" during this six-comet year of our Lord. Numerous traits of generosity and devotion are called out on these occasions, and sometimes we read of bravery and helpfulness in quarters where we should hardly have looked for them.

On the 10th of November, a tremendous fire occurred at St. Petersburg, which cost many lives; the fog being so thick that it was impossible to see the signals, and the pumps could not be used to any effect. The conflagration raged from 2 A. M. to 6 P. M., and many noble acts of courage and self-devotion marked the day. To show his sense of these, the Emperor distributed silver medals to those who had most distinguished themselves; when a young girl of ten years of age, who had shown the most wonderful energy and presence of mind, and who had saved two young children from the flames, received from the Emperor a present of two hundred silver roubles from his private purse.

An interesting account of Henri de Balzac, the famous novelist, has just been published by his sister, who has given us, from her brother's letters, a chronological list of his works, showing in what order they ought to be read, and throwing much interesting light on the life of the author, which he so studiously kept hidden from the public eye. No writer destined ultimately to work his way to success, ever labored more perseveringly against the neglect that, for ten weary years, swallowed up all the books he offered to the world. Whatever he wrote fell flat, producing no effect on the public. At last De Balzac opened his mind to three other unfortunate aspirants to literary greatness, told them that he saw they were all on the wrong road, and that if they were determined to make themselves a name as novelists, their only plan was to quit the gay world with its distractions, establish themselves in that part of the city which is occupied by the students of the public schools (and goes by the name of the "*Latin Quarter*,") and there study science thoroughly for four years, after which preparation they would be able to produce a good novel. The three other embryo great men listened to the project, discussed, and adopted it. They rented lodgings in the rue de l'Ouest, obtaining a lease for the same for four years, paying the rent beforehand, so that no subsequent blasts of misfortune should blow them out from their hermitage, and after this prudent precaution the four friends entered together on their new life. They followed the courses of lectures at the schools with which the "*Quartier Latin*" abounds, and turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of the world.

At the end of six months, however, one of them grew weary of this student-life, and left the group; at the end of a *year* a second of its members withdrew; in fifteen months from the time of their associating, De Balzac found himself alone. But he persevered to the end of the course of study he had marked out, attending without cessation the lectures on medicine, anatomy and metaphysics. At the end of the four years he quitted his retreat, and returned into the world with the *Peau de Chagrin* under one arm, and the *Physiologie du Mariage* under the other. These two works, abounding in the profound and subtle analyses of human nature, which constitute so remarkable a feature of his writings, laid the foundation of his subsequent fame.

The French have a very renowned poet—really one of the few great poets the world can boast of at the present day, whose very name, Jasmin, (*English: Jessamine,*) breathes of the perfumes of his native south. Unfortunately, the poet never writes in French, but in the old Languedocian tongue, so dear to that ancient duchy, so profoundly ignored by the rest of the country. Hence, at the south, Jasmin is a sort of popular idol; at the north he is amazingly praised, but really little known, except as a great writer in an unknown tongue. The poet has just bestowed on his eldest son—at the marriage of the latter—a number of the objects that have been offered him, at different times, as a tribute to his Muse. Among these are a gold cup presented to him in 1841, by the city of Auch; another cup offered by the city of Aurillac, in 1854; an inkstand and gold pen from the Orphan Asylum of Bordeaux; a gold seal from the town of Lavaur; a silver coffee-pot from Bergerac, and a silver cross from the Orphan Asylum of the same town; a gold pen with a diamond, from the ex-Queen of the French, and the ring given him by the lamented Duke of Orleans; gold pens and rings from a lot of other great people; a brooch, representing May-blossoms, in jewels, from another noble admirer; books, beautiful linen, and rosaries, the gifts of various ecclesiastic dignitaries and religious bodies. It will be remembered that Jasmin, who is really a poet of the very highest order, is a barber by trade, and has stuck to his old calling amidst all the honors that have been showered upon him. QUANTUM.

JACK DOWNING ON SPECULATION IN LAND.—The Washington American revives the following from Major Jack Downing's Letters, relative to the financial crisis of 1837. The Major was in Washington attending to some particular business for the "General," and in the midst of his labors received a letter from his cousin Ephraim, informing him that he had become disgusted with the apple business, for he had found out a way to get rich forty times as fast as by retailing apples, or as the Major could by attending to political concerns, and not work hard neither.

The business was nothing more nor less than buying and selling land. He says:—"Uncle Joshua Downing—you know he's an old fox, and always knows when to jump; well, he see how everybody was getting rich, so he went and bought a piece of township up back of Downingville, and gave his note for a thousand dollars for it. And then he sold to Uncle Jacob, and took his note for two thousand dollars; and Uncle Jacob sold it to Uncle Zachary, and took his note for three thousand dollars, &c., down to Bill Johnson, who bought it and gave his note for six thousand dollars. So you see," says he, "there's five of them, that war'nt worth ninepence apiece (except Uncle Joshua,) have now got a thousand dollars apiece clear, when their notes are paid," and winds up by advising the Major to come home by all means, forsake his longings after place and position, and buy land before it was all gone.

But the Major, it seems, was a little obtuse with regard to the practical part of the operation, for we find him writing to Ephraim: "I can't seem to see how 'tis they all make money so fast in that land business down there, that you tell about. How could all our folks, and Bill Johnson, and all of 'em there in Downingville, make a thousand dollars apiece, jest a tradin' round among themselves, when there ain't fifty dollars in money, put it altogether, in the whole town? It rather puzzles me a little. As soon as I see 'em all get their thousand dollars cash in hand, I'll give up my commission and come home and buy some land tu."

DOCTOR, HE HAS DONE IT.—A physician tells the following story, not without some regret on his part for the advice given: "A hard working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor restore him. Upon the second restoration the doctor addressed him as follows: 'You good for nothing scoundrel, you don't want to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter?' Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient until, some two weeks after he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window and inquired, 'What's the matter?' 'Doctor, he has done it,' was the reply. 'Done what?' 'John has taken your advice.' 'What advice?' 'Why, you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is uncommon dead this time.'" Imagine the doctor's feelings!

☞ To know when to stop is a divine art. The following specimens of curious punctuation will illustrate our meaning: Parasol: A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps: An article worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin. Kites: Light frames, covered with paper, sent into the air by boys with tails on them."

☞ A correspondent makes the very unrepublican suggestion that we should divide our fellow-inhabitants into four classes: "People, Semi-people, Semi-demi-people, and Vulgar Fractions." He forgets that, in the Democratic currency, all human coin—gold, silver and copper—must pass alike for shillings.

☞ A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

☞ Lord Tenterden had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a country magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken," his lordship sharply retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say *yes* or *no*, without further prevarication."

ANECDOTES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing better illustrates Michael Angelo's character than the different modes in which he met the various criticisms upon his works, according as they were just or unjust, or, if the latter, were dictated by ignorance or prejudice. When Lorenzo de Medici objected to his head of a faun, "How is it that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such old fellows are sure to have lost some of them?" it seemed, says Condivi, a hundred years to the youth before Lorenzo took his leave; so anxious was he to profit by what he felt to be a most just criticism. He lost no time in removing some of the teeth, and in forming the sockets which defined their places.

But when the master of ceremonies at the papal court, Biagio di Cesena, complained to the pope of Michael Angelo's great picture of the "Last Judgment," because the figures rising from their graves had not on ascension robes, telling him, at the same time, that it was more suited to the walls of a bagnio than to those of a papal chapel, the artist seized his pencil, and changed the features of one of his demons into such a likeness of Biagio that it was impossible to mistake the resemblance. It is terrible to be consigned to such an immortality; yet it is impossible not to laugh in the midst of our pity at the result of Biagio's visit to the pope, to whom he went, in high displeasure, to vent his indignation.

"'Where has he placed you?' said the amused pontiff. 'Placed me! why, in hell,' replied Biagio, with emotion. 'Alas! then,'' rejoined the pope, 'he has put you beyond the reach of my help; had it only been in purgatory, I might have delivered you; but in hell there is no redemption—*in inferno nulla est redemptio.*'"

An anecdote connected with his colossal statue of David, will best illustrate his mode of dealing with unjust, but ignorant criticism.

When, on the appointed day, the ceremonial of elevating the statue into its proper position had been gone through, in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, Michael Angelo himself superintended the removal of the guard-boards. Soderini, who was at this moment just beneath the statue, expressed himself perfectly enchanted. 'There is, however, he added, one slight defect, which can easily be corrected—the nose is rather too thick.' Michael Angelo saw the worthy magistrate was so placed as to be incapable of really judging of this feature; but, as there was no time for discussion, he seemed to assent to the criticism, and catching up, unperceived, some marble dust, and mounting a temporary bridge on the side of the statue, affected to work lightly on the nose with a file, letting fall at the same moment some of the dust in his hand on the head of Soderini. He then called out, 'How does it look now?' 'I am perfectly satisfied,' replied the gonfalonier. 'You have actually imparted life to it.' The artist descended quite as much pleased with the success of his stratagem as the worthy functionary with his own critical discernment.

Fox age's avarice I cannot see
What color, ground, or reason there should be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long journey to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what a spring hath sown;
And with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
But age scarce sows till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure,
Such madness as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty. —*Dedham.*

☞ Many are not aware that sneezing is caused by a convulsion of the diaphragm, and if the air which is inhaled when you feel inclined to sneeze is suddenly breathed out, the sneeze will be arrested.

☞ All knowledge is in itself of some value.

☞ A contemporary contains a notice, written by a correspondent, of a lecture lately delivered in that city by a female medium. He says it was "composed of every possible combination of unmeaning and high-sounding polysyllables, interspersed with circular gestures, and garnished with pulsations, and acmes and elements and throbbings, and essences, and outgrowings, and eliminations, and argute spiritualistic cognoscences. It was an attenuated concatenation of mellifluous syllabic accentuation, projected tangentially from chaotic nonentity, and pulsating in an harmonious circumbendibus. It was, in plain English, nonsense."

☞ THE BENEFITS OF FAILING.—A lady said to her friend, who was about going into the store of a very excellent merchant who has paid all his notes, "Don't go into *that* store to buy anything: *they haven't failed yet.*"

FROM KANSAS.—At the latest accounts from the capital of Kansas, the Territorial Legislature had done nothing towards carrying out the recommendations of Governor Stanton. They had declared the Kickapoo returns fraudulent, and ousted the members from Leavenworth county in consequence, giving their seats to the legally elected Republican members. The Democratic Convention had nominated General Calhoun for Governor of the State; but he declined, whereupon they nominated Frank Marshall instead, and for Lieutenant Governor, W. G. Marshall. General Denver, the new acting Governor, had not arrived in Kansas.

At a mass convention held at Lecompton on the 7th inst., resolutions were passed, pledging themselves individually and collectively to oppose to the utmost the Constitution adopted at Lecompton, and to resist every attempt made to put into operation a State Government under the same.

Special instructions have been sent to Gen. Harney, in Kansas, to use the troops, "if necessary, to preserve order, and enforce the laws, and carry out the action of the Lecompton Convention."

BUTTER MAKING—ESTIMATE OF COST.—In this, Washington county, N. Y., it takes about eighteen acres to keep five cows. The land is worth $60 an acre, and the cows $50 each.—The interest on land and cows will amount to $93; and it is worth $25 to make the butter. The quantity sold, 600 lbs., at 20 cents, amounts to $120—$2 over the cost of production, provided the butter used in the family and buttermilk will pay for other expenses of keeping cows. I think it is a mistaken idea among people that buy their butter, that it can be afforded for less than twenty cents a pound. Let them go to farming and make butter, and they will find it is the hardest branch of farming business.

A FARMER.

FIGHTING IN FLORIDA.—News from Florida announce several smart engagements between the United States troops and Billy Bowlegs' Seminoles. In one of these conflicts Captain Parhill was killed and several soldiers wounded.

CHARLES MACKAY, the poet lecturer, writes from New York to the London Illustrated News, that the "Crinoline" of the fashionable ladies of Boston and New York is twice the circumference of that of the Parisian and London belles.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—SEVERE PANIC IN HAMBURG.

The Canada brings advices to Dec. 5th. Many additional failures had occurred in England. The advices from Hamburg give a fearful picture of the crisis there. All business was suspended. On Friday the Senate convened an extraordinary convocation of the Burgher-schaft to empower the former to establish a government institution for discounts, with a capital of thirty millions.

LONDON, Friday, Dec. 4.—Money was active, both at bank and in the discount market. The payments maturing to-day were met satisfactorily. The funds opened steady at ¼ advance. The Adriatic's advices produced a good effect. Several additional failures are announced at London, Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

Private advices from Paris state that the money market was steady and satisfactory.

The panic continues at Hamburg. Twenty prominent commercial houses failed in a single day, and others were anticipated to follow. The aggregate liabilities of the failed and weak houses are estimated at 37,000,000 marks banco. It is rumored that advances amounting to 400,000,000 have been asked for. Bills are not negotiable, and business is completely at a stand. The firm of Alberg & Kramer, whose temporary suspension had been previously reported, have failed totally. Their liabilities are 12,000,000 marks banco.

The Bank of Prussia is reported as making advances on stocks.

At Berlin there is comparative quiet in money matters.

The accounts from Vienna are gloomy.

There are numerous additional failures at Stockholm, where the crisis is alarming.

Advices received at Madrid from Cuba, state that the fleet destined to operate against Mexico, is ready to sail at a moment's warning.

Parliament was opened on the 3rd inst., by the Queen in person. Her speech referred to the proposed enlargement of the popular representation in the Commons.

In the House of Lords, Baron Macaulay took his seat as a Peer.

In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell gave notice that, on the 10th inst., he should move for a committee of the whole House, to consider the oaths of adjuration and the civil disabilities of Jews.

Mr. Headlam gave notice that he should move a resolution condemnatory of the principles of unlimited liability in the case of joint stock banks.

The Queen's address was agreed to, after some debate in which Mr. D'Israeli censured generally the action of the Government.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a committee of the whole House, to consider the Bank Act, and asked leave to bring in a bill to indemnify the Bank for the recent over-issue. He explained the necessity for the action the Minister took, and suggested that it might be advisable, among other reforms, to make bank notes a legal tender throughout the Kingdom.

After some opposition from Messrs. Gladstone and D'Israeli, the motion was agreed to, and the bill read for the first time.

The Leviathan steamship had been moved still further down the launching ways, but the ship had still 107 feet to move, before she could float. Her progress was very tedious, but her engineers had perfect control of her, and hopes were entertained for a successful result in a short time. A scaffolding erected for affording a view of the launch, broke down during the progress of the ship, and a number of persons were more or less injured. On Monday, the vessel had nearly five feet of water under her.

At a meeting of the Erie Railroad bondholders, it was resolved that the committee should be requested to receive subscriptions to the proposed new loan, and to communicate with the directors in New York, with a view to an arrangement for general protection.

The cotton market opened active, with an advance of ¼d, but closed with a slight decline for all qualities, except middlings, the activity continuing—late news quiet.

The breadstuffs market was generally dull. Messrs. Richardson & Spence quotes flour dull, with a decline of 1s. since Tuesday. Wheat had a declining tendency. The advance on Tuesday was subsequently lost.

The Brokers' Circular quotes flour with an advancing tendency, and an advance of 1s. on the week. Wheat is reported to have advanced 3d. by the same authority.

Corn dull. Provisions unchanged. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased during the week £94,000.

The North Star arrived at New York on Saturday, but her news is not so late as the above. She brought $50,000 in specie.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW HALL.—The new hall of the House of Representatives does not give that general satisfaction which was anticipated. Mr. Leidy could not be heard at all in the gallery, and but faintly at several points on the floor, showing that the theoretical acoustic excellence of the hall is not practically proven. It is now proposed to erect a bar, and to otherwise improve the hall for the business purposes of the House. —*Washington Union, Dec.* 18.

THE Newark (N. J.) Mercury estimates that in the item of candles alone upon a low estimate, there is a loss to purchasers in the city of Newark, in the weight of candles sold there, of about $80,000 per annum, on account of short weight, and in the State at large, it is believed that consumers of the article are defrauded out of the enormous sum on this one article of about $180,000 per annum.

IT seems that the demand for crinoline increases to such an extent, that the present manufactories are unable to supply it. To obviate this difficulty, a manufactory is being erected at Stockbridge, Deepcar, close to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, by Mr. Fox, the well-known *umbrella* manufacturer.

THE Bishop of Oxford has delivered at Reading, a long lecture in support of foreign missions. With respect to India, he strongly denounced the sanctioning and maintenance by the British authority there of the native superstitions, affirming the true interpretation of the cause of England's recent disasters to be that "England has been false to England's faith, and timid of avowing England's God."

MESSRS. LONGMAN, having taken the advice of the highest authorities of the present day upon questions relating to the English language and literature, have signified their intention of having the word "telegram" henceforth inserted in all dictionaries published by them.

THE statement derived from private messages received at Washington, relative to the election of Messrs. Shields and Steel as United States Senators from Minnesota, is without foundation, as up to the latest dates from that Territory no election had taken place.

THE Madrid Gazette contains a royal decree, by which the Queen authorizes "her beloved and august husband the King" to confer on the child to whom her Majesty is about to give birth, "the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and of the Grand Crosses of the Orders of Charles III., Isabella the Catholic, and San Juan of Jerusalem, if a prince; and those of the Order of Noble Ladies of Maria Louisia, if a princess."

POISONED BY COLORED CANDIES.—At Catskill, New York, on Monday week, Mary Lynes, a young lady residing in that village, was taken suddenly sick, while at school in the afternoon, and died at nine o'clock in the evening. She had all the symptoms of poison—and it is supposed that she was poisoned by eating colored candies.

A "CHRISTIAN GROCERY."—A man in Lockport, New York, has opened a "Christian grocery." He states, in explanation of this singular heading, that he has opened a shop for the dispensation of a "little wine," and other kinds of spirits, "for the stomach's sake," and that as he wished to make it a Christian shop, and wished to accomodate Christian customers, he would take for his pay, considering the hard times, all kinds of religious books, tracts, &c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 140—Adults 70, and children 73.

THE Clarion (Pa.) Democrat states that one day last week, Mr. Wilson, of Shippinsville Furnace, killed four deer in five minutes, or in the time required to load and fire four times. He also killed one other one, snapped three caps at the sixth, and wounded the seventh, on the same day, and returned home at one o'clock, P. M.

THE grand total of Baptists in the Southern States is 551,750; in the Northern, 328,300. The Methodist Church South has a membership of 550,800. In the last ten years, the Baptists have increased about 200,000 in the Southern States.

MR. ROBERT MARTIN, of Columbus, Ky., was found back of Point Pleasant, near the Mississippi river, on Wednesday week, frozen to death. He had attempted, with two other men, to cross the bottom, lost the way, got into the water and mud, and became so numbed that he had ceased all exertions and froze to death. His companions barely escaped with their lives.

THE *Patrie* states that the American engineers who undertook, by means of a special apparatus, to raise the Russian ships-of-war sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol, have given it up and returned to Constantinople, declaring that their contract cannot be performed, except at an enormously disproportionate cost. It appears that the river Tchernaya has brought down immense quantities of silt and gravel, which being accumulated in the harbor, the ships are now embedded in this deposit, and cannot, without much labor, be extricated.

ADVICES from China say that several missionaries there have been condemned to death.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—*Novel Discovery.*—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Photographic Society, Mr. Forrest introduced to the society a very novel and simple idea which had been brought under his notice the previous day by a Liverpool gentleman, Mr. Gill, of Islington, by which a stereoscopic photograph can be taken with a single lens and with an ordinary camera. By Mr. Gill's process, the object looks into two mirrors jointed in the centre, raised as each side so as to reflect two figures, and these being opposite the lens, two pictures are taken with one lens. But not only are the two pictures taken at one sitting, but they are non-inverted, which is also a great advantage obtained by the discovery.

LOW PRICES.—Grain is selling cheap in some of the back counties of Wisconsin. At Boscobel, in Grant county, corn is selling at 20 to 25 cents per bushel, and wheat at 35 cents.

THE Legislatures of Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama have legalized the bank suspensions. That of Alabama until the 15th of November next.

THE Governor of Florida has directed the tax collectors to receive the ordinary currency in payment of taxes due the State.

A LARGE Democratic meeting congregated in the City Park of New York, on the 17th, to respond favorably to the views expressed in the message of President Buchanan. Hon. Richard Schell presided. The Speaker's platform broke down while Mr. Schell was speaking, and great excitement ensued among the crowd. Fortunately, no person was injured. The meeting then proceeded to the vicinity of the City Hall, from the steps of which they were addressed.

THE Bank of France, though it did not formally suspend during the recent crisis, refused to pay more than 10,000 francs ($2,000) in one day to any one person.

AN individual was recently arrested in this city, coming out of a restaurant on Chestnut street, with a loaded pistol in his hand. Being asked by the Alderman why he carried a loaded pistol, he said he had been travelling in the country, and had just got home. Knowing it was against the law to carry a deadly weapon concealed, he took it from his pocket, and was carrying it in that way when the officer came up to him. "Was I doing wrong?" he inquired. "I don't see the necessity," said the magistrate, "for carrying a pistol at all in a city like this, but it is not a violation of the law to carry one exposed to the public view." The defendant was discharged.

HON. R. J. WALKER has resigned the Governorship of Kansas. Owing to the crowded state of our columns, and the great length of his letter, we are unable to give it. His principal points are that sovereignty resides in the people of a state, (organized or inchoate)—that the Lecompton Convention does not represent the people of Kansas—and that he had promised that if the Constitution was not submitted to a popular vote, he would join in opposing its acceptance by Congress, and must be true to his word.

A BRITISH BARNUM.—A man in London named Croft has proposed to pay the Indian Relief Fund £2,000 on Nena Sahib, with his military clothes and sword, being delivered to him in London. It is suspected that Croft may be a stray Yankee whom the hard times have forced to look about for some profitable speculation.

THE *New York Herald* recently contained a first rate notice of the opera of Martha, as performed the previous evening—when owing to the illness of one of the artists, "Martha" wasn't sung at all, "Lucrezia" being substituted. Honest criticism that—and probably well paid for.

IT is contradicted by a Russian authority that the project of the emancipation of the serfs in that country is near its realization. A variety of conflicting opinions and interests may retard the measure for some years longer.

AN action for debt by a wife against her husband, to recover money loaned by her to her husband, being property acquired after marriage, was tried in the Common Pleas of Perry county, Pa., a few days ago, Judge Graham presiding. The question was whether a wife could maintain a suit against her husband. The Court decided that she could, and delivered a verdict for the plaintiff for $2,508.

THE Leavenworth (K. T.) Herald of the 10th inst., announcing the arrival of an express messenger from Utah, states that he passed Col. Johnson's command near Fort Bridger. The baggage and provision trains were all safe, and the troops were in good spirits. This is the only news that transpired relative to the Utah Expedition.

MUCH sympathy is expressed for Barnum, owing to the destruction of his famous palace at Bridgeport, "Iranistan," by fire recently. The establishment was heavily mortgaged, but Barnum is said to have a large personal interest in it, which just now he can ill afford to lose.—There was only $1,000 insurance on the furniture, which was valued at $6,000. The building originally cost more than $100,000, and has usually been insured to the amount of $60,000. It was now only partially insured to secure holders of mortgages upon the property.

LATE letters from one of the members of DeQuincey's family, speak of the great writer as being in perfect health and seemingly a much younger man than he appeared forty years ago. He is at present residing in Edinburgh, on a visit. He has two sons in the army, one daughter married to an officer in India, another married to a gentleman in Ireland, and the third and youngest, is the housekeeper at the cottage at Lapwade. The "old man eloquent" is now between 70 and 80, and still uses opium as in former days.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Hon. William Bebb, ex-Governor of Ohio, now a citizen of Winnebago county, in Illinois, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of that county for manslaughter, for shooting dead one of a charivari party at his house last spring, on the occasion of his son's marriage. Gov. Bebb has engaged Judge William Johnston and the Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, to defend him.

GEN. WALKER had formally proclaimed himself President of Nicaragua, and was waiting, before pushing into the interior, for reinforcements of men and munitions of war, which he was daily expecting. Capt. Chotard has been suspended, for not preventing Walker's landing.

A BABE, nine or ten months old, a step-child of parents who lived between Millig and Perryville, Pa., was frozen to death one night during the cold weather in November. The parents tried to break it of crying by putting it in its cradle and pushing it back under the bed. They did so one night, and the child cried until it was exhausted; the parents fell asleep, and in the morning, when they awoke, it was dying, or dead—both legs frozen to the knees, and its arms stiff up to the elbows.

CONTRADICTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

I love the deep quiet—all buried in leaves
To sit the day long just as idle as air,
Till the spider grows tame at my elbow, and weaves,
And toadstools come up in a row round my chair.

I love the new furrows—the cones of the pine,
The grasshopper's chirp, and the hum of the mote;
And short pasture-grass where the clover-blooms shine
Like red buttons set on a holiday coat.

Pinks packed in the hollows—the droning of bees,
The stubble so brittle—the damp and fat fen,
Old homesteads I love, in their clusters of trees,
And children and books, but not women nor men.

Yet, strange contradiction! I live in the sound
Of a sea-girdled city—'tis thus that it fell,
And yours oh, how many! have gone since I bound
A sheaf for the harvest, or drank at a well

And if, kindly reader, one moment you wait
To measure the poor little niche that you fill,
I think you will own it is custom or fate
That has made you the creature you are, not your will.

RETRENCHMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Is it not time for us to think of retrenchment, my dear?" said Mr. Livingston to his wife, as he reclined in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair before a glowing grate. "Retrenchment is the watchword now, and a very reasonable and reasonable one."

Mrs. Livingston looked inquiringly into her husband's face, and there was a shade of anxiety in the tone of her voice as she inquired,

"Is there a necessity for it in our case, my dear?"

"Not exactly a necessity, I am happy to say. It is rather a measure of expediency than necessity. Every man ought to ask if he cannot lessen his expenses at such a time as this. As I said, retrenchment is the watchword now."

"It ought to be with many, no doubt; but I cannot see why all should adopt it. It is a medicine very wholesome for those who need it; an excellent curative for those suffering the ills induced by extravagance, folly, and dishonesty. Let all those who have been living on other people's money try it. But why should we try it? Our expenses have ever borne a wise and reasonable proportion to our income, and you admit that even now there is no necessity for retrenchment."

"That is true. Still I think, in these hard times, it is wise to cut off all unnecessary expenses. There is a propriety in doing so. Besides, the claims of charity will be great this coming winter. There will be an immense amount of suffering among the poor, and we should cheerfully economize that we may have more to bestow on the needy and suffering."

"There is something in that certainly," said Mrs. Livingston, who was never very pertinacious in her opposition to any plan proposed by her husband. "But where shall we begin?"

"Have we not more servants than we really need? We have quite a number, and I think might spare one or two without serious inconvenience."

After a thoughtful silence Mrs. Livingston said,

"I could spare Mary. I really don't need her very much, though she is such a good, faithful creature that I shall regret to part with her."

"If you can spare her without inconvenience I think you had better send her away. Can't we find some other place to economize?"

"I might dismiss the girl who has done plain sewing for us for a month past. I told her I should want her two months, and I could easily find work for her that time; but I can do without her services very well, and I will dismiss her on Saturday night if you think it best."

Mr. Livingston assented. Retrenchment in other departments was discussed, and various plans proposed, some of which were adopted, and others laid on the table for future consideration.

Three weeks later Mr. Livingston observed to his wife with an air of comfortable self-satisfaction,

"My dear, I am more convinced every day that we were right in the plans we adopted three weeks ago. I can assure you it is hard times for poor people. A poor fellow came to me to-day. He was out of work, and six children to support. He told a pitiful story."

"I hope you helped him."

"Yes, I gave him twenty dollars, a portion of what we have saved by economy."

The next evening Mr. Livingston settled himself in his easy-chair with a grave and somewhat troubled look. The expression of his countenance was that of a man whose self-complacency had been seriously disturbed. Mrs. Livingston was quick to observe this. She waited some time for her husband to break the silence; but seeing that he was not disposed to do it she said,

"You look grave to-night, Edward. Has anything occurred to annoy you?"

"Not unless you call it annoyance for a man to discover that he has been acting unwisely and without due consideration, when he really supposed that he was doing a very wise thing."

"Is that your case, my dear?" said Mrs. Livingston, in a tone in which wifely sympathy and womanly anxiety were about equally blended.

"Precisely."

"Please explain yourself."

"You remember the plans for retrenchment adopted three weeks ago?"

"I do; and it was only yesterday that you were descanting on the wisdom of the proceedings of that evening."

"That is true; but I have learned since then this wisdom was folly, not to call it by a harder name. But I will tell you what has opened my eyes. You remember what I said to you about the poor fellow whom I assisted yesterday? This morning I mentioned the circumstance to my friend, Mr. Chase, as we were speaking of the hard times and the sufferings of the poor. To my surprise he exclaimed earnestly,

"'I would not *have given* the fellow a cent.'

"'Why not?' I inquired. 'Out of work, with six children to feed, is he not an object of charity?'

"'No; the fellow came to me with the same story a week ago. I pitied him of course, and offered him work at low wages until he could do better; but he scornfully rejected the proposal. Now such a man I do not wish to help. There are hundreds who would gratefully accept of even moderate wages. I made him the best offer I could afford, and it would have kept his family from absolute suffering until the times are better.'

"'If I had known the fact you have stated, I would have kept my money for a more deserving object,' I replied.

"'My plan,' continued Mr. Chase, 'is to give employment to as many as possible these hard times. I believe it is the most benevolent investment of money, and will secure us from becoming the dupes of those who make the hard times an excuse for idleness and riotous gatherings.'

"'I suspect you are right,' I said, gravely and thoughtfully; for a new light was breaking in upon my mind.

Half-an-hour after Mr. Chase left the store, his brother-in-law, Mr. Mills, came in.

"'Are you in want of a female domestic?' he inquired.

"'I am not,' I replied, 'but why do you ask?'

"'I met with a case of suffering yesterday that touched my sympathies. A poor girl, of neat and modest appearance, came into my store to inquire if I did not wish to hire her. On my replying in the negative, she eagerly inquired if I did not know of some one who wanted to hire. On again receiving a negative, the tears coursed down her pale, thin cheeks, for very pale and thin they were, and she turned away with a despairing ejaculation that went to my heart. I called her back and made inquiries into her circumstances. It was a sorrowful tale. Her father fell from the roof of a house three months ago, and was so injured that he has not left his bed since. She had two brothers and a sister, all too young to earn anything. Her mother had taken in sewing for the shops, and she had gone out to service, and they had managed to keep want from their door. But now she had been out of a place for three weeks, her mother could get no sewing, and they are starving. This last statement was fully corroborated by her own cadaverous appearance. I sent her to the house to get something to eat.

"'When I went home to dinner, my wife, with swimming eyes, told me about her call.—When food was placed before her, she begged to be allowed to carry it home, instead of eating it herself, declaring that it almost broke her heart to think of poor Sammy and Charles and little Tiny, who had been crying for bread all the morning. When told to satisfy her appetite, while a basket was filled for her to take home, she fell at it as one half-starved, yet as soon as the basket was ready, she would remain no longer, but hastened with it to her starving family.'

"This tale of suffering, related by my friend, touched my heart. I learned from him where the poor family were to be found, and that very hour I repaired to their dwelling. Judge of my surprise when I found this girl was no other than Mary herself. Her dismissal from our service, at a time when situations are so difficult to be obtained, had brought a deserving family to the brink of starvation. Of course I relieved their present necessities, and told Mary to come back to us to-morrow morning.—They overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude; but I felt more like a culprit than a benefactor."

"But you did not intend any wrong," said Mrs. Livingston.

"True; but I adopted a wrong course of conduct, without due consideration. Strange I did not use a little common sense, and ask myself what Mary would do, if thrown out of employment at such a time. We began retrenchment in the wrong place."

"I observed that Mary looked very downcast when I informed her that we should require her services no longer. But Lucy Tildon looked even more sad than Mary."

"Lucy Tildon?"

"Yes; the girl who sewed for us."

"Ah, I remember now. Another sad mistake, very likely. Do you know where she lives? We must ascertain if she is suffering."

Mrs. Livingston was able to give the street and number of her residence. The next day Mr. Livingston made his way thither. His call was most opportune. As he ascended the stairs leading to the humble apartment of the sewing-girl, he heard, issuing from the room pointed out to him as Miss Tildon's, the rough, harsh voice of a man, and the sobs of a female.

The story was soon told. Lucy had been unable to obtain work since the day she was dismissed from the employ of Mrs. Livingston. She could not pay the month's rent of her room, and she and her little all were being ejected from it. Mr. Livingston hastened to repair the mischief of this second measure of retrenchment. The rent was paid, and Lucy was informed that there was plenty of sewing for her at the house of her old patron.

"I have learned a lesson," said Mr. Livingston to his wife that evening. "Not retrenchment, but wise expenditure, shall be my motto this winter. That addition to my store, which I had given up on account of the hard times, shall be built. I can afford it well enough, and I will seek some worthy mechanic, out of employment, and give him the job. That new cistern, too, shall be made. Let those who *should* and those who *must*, retrench; but let those who have to spend, spend wisely and well. He who hoards up his Master's wealth when he should expend it, may be not less criminal than he who squanders it. Mr. Chase is right; I will follow his example, and give employment to as many as possible this winter, while I do not forget the suffering who are *unable* to work."

ANTIQUITY OF THE TERM "OLD FOGY."—Having seen it frequently asserted that the word "fogy," so often used in modern political papers, as expressing a man behind the age, a fossil ignorant of his country's progress, &c., is the invention of some cute philosopher of the day, I beg leave to quote a passage from the *European Magazine* of January, 1792, to show that the word, little or no value as it may have, has at least a more ancient origin. In a petition from Lieutenant George Drake, of the Marines, to Doctor B———, for an invalid lieutenancy, occurs this passage:—

"Pray what's the cause, grave Doctor, there's such work
Kicked up about these invalidian *fogies?*"

Here the word has exactly the shade of meaning with which the fancy of modern politicians has invested it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WAS JOHN BUNYAN A GIPSY?

Who has not heard of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," of which work Macaulay writes:—

"For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain workingmen—was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language," as the Pilgrim's Progress; "no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. * * * * * Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the Paradise Lost, the other the Pilgrim's Progress."

Yet, perhaps, there is a large proportion of Christians, in this country and Great Britain, who would be shocked at the bare mention that it was possible to prove that John Bunyan was of Gipsy parentage. We have been allowed to look over some of the pages of a forthcoming work, soon to be published in this city, on the subject of a history of the Gipsies, containing, also, a vocabulary of the Gipsy language. The matter is mainly from the pen of the late William Simson, a gentleman eminently qualified for the work, and is edited by his son, James Simson, with preface, introduction, and notes, and a disquisition on the past, present and future of Gipsydom. We were very much struck with the work, so far as we examined it, and believe it will be the most intelligible and authentic, that has yet been published. So far, we are comparatively in ignorance of the origin, history, habits and character of the Gipsy race; and though we occasionally meet them in small parties strolling about the country, they are scarcely regarded with more interest than is attached to any other class of vagabonds. It is a mystery how they live, as they are not known to work. They always have plenty of money, and when they travel, they go in strong and roomy covered wagons, drawn by stout, well-fed horses.—Wherever they encamp, they are visited by crowds of idle and curious people, many of whom seek them to get their fortunes told, and in this way, and by theft, it is supposed they get their subsistence, and the men, in particular, are believed to be remarkable adepts in running off horses and robbing hen-roosts.

It is to this class of people that the author of the work in question seeks to attach the name of John Bunyan, by an attempt to prove that he was of Gipsy descent and parentage. The opposite side has been very strongly taken by other writers, but not, in our opinion, with the same strength of argument that is maintained by Mr. Simson. We would like to quote all he says on the subject, but for want of space, the following will have to suffice for the present:

The prejudice against the name of Gipsy was apparently as great in Bunyan's time as it is now; and there was evidently as great delicacy on the part of mixed fair-haired Gipsies to own the blood then as now, and actual danger; for then it was hangable to be a Gipsy. When the name of Gipsy was by law proscribed, what other name would they *all* go under but *tinkers*—their own occupation? Those only would be called by the public "Gipsies," whose appearance indicated the pure, or nearly pure Gipsy. However much, in conversation, Bunyan might have hid his blood, he virtually acknowledged it when he said: "For my descent, it was, as is known to many, of low and inconsiderate generation: my father's house being of that rank that is *meanest and most despised of* ALL *the families of the land!*" Of whom does Bunyan speak here if not of the Gipsies? He says of *all* the families of the land. (The italics are my own.) Well might Southey remark: "Wherefore this (tinkering) should have been so mean and despised a calling, is not however apparent, when it was not followed as a vagabond employment; but, as in this case, exercised by one who had a settled habitation; and who, mean as his condition was, was nevertheless able to put his son to school, in an age when very few of the poor were taught to read and write." The fact is, that Bunyan's father had a town beat, which would give him a settled residence, prevent him using a tent, and lead him to conform with the ways of the ordinary inhabitants; but doubtless he had his pass from the chief of the Gipsies for the district. The same may be said of John Bunyan himself.

Bunyan's very appearance indicated him to be a mixed Gipsy; for according to Scott, he was "tall and broad set, though not corpulent; he had a ruddy complexion, with sparkling eyes and hair inclining to red,"* and likewise the way in which he married; for according to Southey, it is said that he and his wife "came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between them." His boyhood likewise indicated the Gipsy; for he seems to have been at the bottom of much of the devilment practiced by the youth of his native village. See, then, when he was confined to Bedford jail, how naturally he took on to making tagged laces, to enable him to support his wife and family. But the greatest possible weight attaches to the question which he put to his father, if he was *of Israelitish blood; a question which I have heard put by Gipsy lads to their parent (a very much mixed Gipsy,)* which was answered thus: "We must have been among the Jews, for some of our ceremonies are like theirs."

How little does a late writer in the Dublin *University Magazine* know of the feelings of a mixed Gipsy like Bunyan, when he says: "Did he belong to the Gipsies, we have little doubt that he would have dwelt on it with a sort of spiritual exultation; and that of his having been called out of Egypt would have been to him one of the proofs of Divine favor. We cannot imagine him suppressing the fact or disguising it."

* This is a description in every respect applicable to many mixed British Gipsies. The race seems to have had a predilection for fair or red hair in such *children* as have been brought up and incorporated with the body. Should a fair-haired native marry a full-blood Gipsy, the issue would show some children like the one parent, and some like the other. Should a second crossing take place with a native, the issue will show still less of the Gipsy. Such crossing continued, soon crosses the Gipsy *out to appearance*, still not altogether so; for the Gipsy will come up, but in a modified form. Mr. Borrow describes a half-blood, but a thorough Gipsy, in the person of a half-pay captain in the service of Donna Isabel, as follows: "He had *fazen* hair, his eyes small, and like serpents', red and fiery; his complexion like a brick or dull red, chequered with spots of purple."

It is very apparent that this writer never conversed with a Gipsy, at least a mixed one; or at all events, never directed his attention to the question of his feelings in owning himself *to the public* to be a Gipsy. Where is the point in this reviewer's remarks? His remarks have no point. What occasion had Bunyan to mention he was a Gipsy? What purpose would it have served? How would it have advanced his mission as a minister? Considering the prejudice that has always existed against that unfortunate word Gipsy, it would have created a pretty sensation among all parties if Bunyan had said that he was a Gipsy. "What," the people would have asked, "a *Gipsy* turned priest? We'll have the devil turning priest next!" Considering the many enemies which the tinker-bishop had to contend with, many of whom even sought his life, he would have given them a pretty occasion of revenging themselves upon him, had he said he was a Gipsy. They would soon have put the law in force, and stretched his neck for him."

The same writer goes on to say: "In one passage at least—and we think there are more in Bunyan's works—the Gipsies are spoken of in such a way as would be most unlikely if Bunyan thought he belonged to that class of vagabonds." I am not aware as to what the reviewer alludes; but should Bunyan even have denounced the *conduct* of the Gipsies in the strongest terms imaginable—called them even vagabonds and what not—would that have been otherwise than what he did with sinners generally? Should a clergyman denounce the ways and morals of *every* man of his parish, does that make him think less of being a native of the parish' himself? Should a man even denounce his own children as being vagabonds, does that prevent him from being their father? It is even a common thing to meet with Scottish Gipsies who will speak with apparently the greatest horror of what people imagine to be exclusively Gipsies; and they doubtless do that sincerely, for I know many of them who have no feelings in common with *the ways* of the *tented* Gipsies.

I think I need hardly say anything further to show that Bunyan was a Gipsy. All that is wanted to make him a Gipsy for certainty, is but for him to have added to his account of his descent: "In other words, I am a Gipsy." But I have given reasons to show that such verbal admission on his part was, in a measure, impossible. I do not ask for an argument to show that Bunyan was not a Gipsy, for an argument to show that he was not a Gipsy is impracticable; but what I ask for is an exposition of the animus of the man *who does not wish that he should have been a Gipsy.* That he was a Gipsy is beyond a doubt. To the genius of a poor Gipsy, and the grace of God combined, the world is indebted for the noblest production that ever proceeded from an uninspired man. Impugn it whose list.

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* Justice Keeling threatened him with this fate *even for preaching the Gospel*; for, said he: "If you do not submit to go to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, *you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly.*"

Sir Matthew Hale tells us that on one occasion, at the Suffolk Assizes, no less than thirteen Gipsies were executed upon the old Gipsy statutes, a few years before the Restoration.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[The *Milliarium Aureum*, or the Golden Mile-Stone, was a gilt marble pillar in the Forum at Rome, from which, as a central point, the great roads of the empire diverged through the several gates of the city, and the distances were measured.]

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber

At the window winks the flickering fire-light,
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer;
Social watch-fires,
Answering one another through the darkness

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone—
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

RIGHTS OF WIDOWS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—"*September* 5, 1749. Then did Nathan Sherman take the widow Mary Tailor, in her shift, without headcloth, and barefoot, and led her across the highway, where two highways meet, as the law directs in such cases, and was then married, according to law, by Mr. Philip Taber, minister of Dartmouth."—*MS. Records of Dartmouth, extracted by J. L.*, 1856.

This ceremony it is said was performed from a belief that the husband elect was thereby released from all pecuniary liabilities contracted by the widow previous to her marriage with him.

A FEATURE OF GOOD IN OUR LITERATURE.

From an address recently delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, Scotland, by the very Rev. Principal Tulloch, we take the following well written and sensible paragraph:—

I may be excused for adverting still more particularly to a feature of our present literature, which has for me very great interest, and more than any other perhaps enhances its educational value—I mean the earnest spirit of humanity that it everywhere breathes. There is an inspiration of high affection and of kindly sympathy in it that is unprecedented. The poetry of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, for example—not to mention any other names—how full is it of an impassioned spirit of philanthropy, of intense yearning over worldly wrong and error, "ancient forms of party strife," and of lofty longing after a higher good than the world has yet known—

"Sweeter manners, purer laws,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand!"

It is impossible for the young to love such poetry and study it without a kindling in them of something of the same affectionate interest in human welfare, and aspiration after human improvement. The most popular of our writers of fiction partake of the same spirit. Life is presented by them, if not in its fully sacred reality, yet as an earnest conflict with actual toils, and duties, and trials—a varied movement neither of frivolity nor profligacy (as in many of our older novels,) but of work and passion, of mirth and sorrow; and we are made to feel how true and kindred is the picture before us. It comes home to us, moving us with a deeper indignation at wrong, or a holier tenderness for suffering, or a higher admiration of those simple virtues of gentleness and love and long-suffering which, more than all heroic deeds, make life beautiful, and purify and brighten home. A literature thus true to the highest interests of humanity—seeking its worthiest inspirations and most touching pictures in that common life we all live—in the darkness and the light that are in all human hearts—the wrongs and sufferings, the joys and griefs, the struggles and heroisms that are around us everywhere—a literature of this character has, I believe, with all its faults, a seed of untold good in it; and, forming as it does the chief mental food of thousands of young men, it cannot fail to develope virtue, and strengthen true and generous and Christian principle.

It is undoubtedly in this manner by linking itself to the progress of humanity, and working in the great cause of its purification and happiness, and not merely as a dilletanti recreation or grave, moral schoolmistress, that literature will most surely vindicate its divine mission. There is a noble field before it in this way, in which, while leaving the pulpit to its own work, it may yet tread closely on its function. While the latter claims under heavenly sanction to expound the Divine truth above us, the former can no less claim under the highest sanction to unfold the Divine meaning that is around us everywhere—to point out the infinite beauty of all nature's aspects, and the infinite sacredness of human relations and obligations—to represent the glories of Providence, and the lessons of history—and thus in some sort, too, to prove "a light unto the feet, and a lantern unto the path." For as Milton grandly says:—"These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and to set the affections in a right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high Providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints; the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ: to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship.—Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever had passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thought from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed, that wherever the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

TEA DRINKING.

If the question be narrowed down to "Tea, or no Tea," we advocate the weed. The world will be the happier and healthier by the moderate use of any of the China teas in their purity, than without them. The immoderate use of cold water is prejudicial to health, whether as a drink or a lavement, and so is the immoderate use of bread and butter. It is the argument of a fanatic to say, that because the excessive use of anything is injurious, it should therefore be discarded altogether.

Chemistry decides that the essential elements of coffee and tea are identical, and are nutritious.

Tea is a stimulant, and so is any other nutritive article. That which imparts no stimulus is not fit for food. An ordinary meal stimulates the pulse to a greater activity by five or ten per cent.

Tea, being used warm, and at meal time, promotes digestion by its warmth, as any other warm drink would do.

Any cold drink, even water, taken at meal time, arrests the progress of digestion, until it is raised to a heat of about a hundred degrees, and if that arrest be too long protracted, convulsions follow, and sometimes death—as has happened to children many times by eating a couple of hard boiled eggs hastily, or upon an empty stomach, or, indeed, eating much of any indigestible article.

Thus it is, that, so far as the use of tea at our meals banishes the use of cold water at meals, it is a safeguard.

Late and hearty suppers destroy multitudes, either outright in a night, or in the insidious progress of months and years. It is almost the universal custom to take tea for supper. It is a stimulant. It aids the stomach in digesting more than it would have done, just in proportion to its stimulating qualities. And as all eat too much at supper time, the general use of warm tea as a drink at the last meal of the day is beneficial in the direction just named.

True wisdom lies in the moderate use of all the good things of this life.

It is stated, that at a tea party of sixty old women in England, it was ascertained that they were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty nine children.

The presumption is that these women were tea-drinkers habitually, and it is equally inferable that they did not drink it very "weak;" yet they were healthy enough to be old, and healthy enough to be the mothers of large families. An isolated fact proves nothing, but this one is suggestive.

It is then safer and healthier to take a cup of warm tea for supper than a glass of cold water.

With our habits of hearty suppers, it is better to take a cup of warm tea than to take no drink at all.

By the extravagant use of tea, many persons pass their nights in restlessness and dreams, without being aware of the cause of it. We advise such to experiment on themselves, and omit the tea altogether at supper, for a few times, and notice the result.

If you sleep better, it is clear that you have been using too much tea, in quantity or strength.

In order to be definite, we consider the following to be a moderate use of tea: a single cup at each meal as to quantity; as to strength, measure it thus: put a tea-spoonful in a hot tea-pot pour on a quart of boiling water; two-thirds a tea-cup of this, adding a third of cream, boiling milk, or hot water, with sugar or not: this is strong enough.

We believe that such use of China teas, by excluding cold drinks at our meals, and by their nutritious and pleasantly stimulating character may be practiced for a life-time to [illegible] advantage, without any drawback [illegible] coffee also.

We believe that the world, and a created upon it, is for man, and that the use of its good things will promote [illegible] and happiness of all mankind.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"PATIENT GRISSELL."

The story of "Patient Grissell" is [illegible] us all. Some people admire it. I do not [illegible] did—never understood how it should be [illegible] volt a pure conscience. Still, as there are records of such women in song and story, as novels recognize the type, and as the police reports sometimes contain specimens of it, I am bound to believe in Griselda. Only she has not happened to cross my path. Mr. Carlyle avers that he could never catch the "Distressed Nobleswoman" of newspapers and books." I am sure that I have never found the

"Gentle woman, *ever* kind,"

of the same. Gentle woman, according to my observation of life, is kind, but quite capable of showing resentment and taking care of herself. "So she ought to be." True; but where the Griselda type come from? I find no? like it in modern homes!

I fear there is a good deal of nonsense written and talked about female "gentleness," and that some harm is done by it. Young men enter upon married life with a sort of general impression that it is a wife's part to be "gentle," and then when they themselves are unjust they are surprised to find the "gentle" ones can "show spirit." They would not presume so much upon female nature if they were taught the truth beforehand; or, better still, if they found it out themselves.

The truth, then, is, that women have generally stronger affections than men; that they are customed to serve (call it obey) in smaller matters; that they have a special instinct which makes them tender to weakness in all shapes and that they are (commonly) more susceptible to religious influences. But that they are more firm, less ready to contest their rights, or more irritable than men, is not true, though so commonly taken for granted.

We cannot fail to be unjust both to them and to ourselves, when we behave upon the assumption that it is their business to be "gentle;" and there is in the natural relations of the sexes some license implied to masculine humor, which they may be expected to recognize.

Physical differences, of course, influence very much the behavior of women. I walked the other day with a lady whose "combativeness" is nearly twice as large as mine, whom I could induce to pass a drove of cattle, or to cross a crowded road, with reasonable promptness. Her behavior in such cases wears every appearance of extreme timidity: yet I am satisfied that in a case where the mere brute force was all or equalized, her courage would be superior to that of most men. Phrenologists will, I say, bear me witness that "destructiveness" and "combativeness" are not found smaller in proportion, in the average female, than in the male head. Patient Grissell must have been an exception.

The one point upon which no language of poet or romancist can overpass the fact, is matter, is the superior affectionateness of men. I confess that there is to me something utterly transcendent in the strength of a woman's love. *This* is a matter in which no one can expect too much from the partner of his life. Rather let the man who makes a girl love him see that he does not, in so doing, invoke a power of greater power than he can bear. She will have too much conscience and spirit ever to be a "Patient Grissell," and yet love him with a love, to the height of which he may never reach.

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* His experience must have been exceptional. I found her, more than once.

☞ Chapter 30, verse 1, of Ecclesiastic (the Douay version) says that, "He that loves his son, frequently chastiseth him, that he may *rejoice in his latter end.*"

☞ A lady of rank complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements replied, "But then, my dear, you make me up to the expense!"

☞ Jealousy is an awkward homage to inferiority renders to merit."—*Mme. de Sevigne.*

SINGLE FOR LIFE.

With crimson lips apart, and upraised eyes,
She sits alone in twilight's stilly calm
The pale moonlight across her white brow lies,
The evening breeze brings on its wings rich balm,
And from the steeple's top the bell pours forth
The vesper psalm.

Sad memory, faithful, points her hushed thoughts back,
To girlhood's glorious, rainbow-colored dreams,
When silver clouds hung o'er her young life's track,
And emerald trees bent over crystal streams,
And all the gorgeous shining web of life
Was golden gleams.

Bright o'er her guileless heart Love's morning broke;
To nobler joys her ardent pulses thrilled;
A thousand unknown blisses to her woke;
She paused—she loved, she worshipped, half unwilled—
And then, ere long, a mellow, dreamy light
Her dark eye filled.

The birds' sweet notes were rivalled by her songs—
The dear gazelle was not more fleet than she—
She had an ear for every poor man's wrongs
A tear to shed for all in agony;
Her ready hand gave lavish, as the streams
Give to the sea.

A brief, glad space—her pure trust was betrayed;
Her clinging heart untwined and cast away;
Her whole soul's love 'gainst bright, red gold was weighed,
And rayless night was born of glowing day!
The rich-hued clouds, which draped her path, were changed
To sullen gray.

A time of weeping—oh! so wild and dread!
Whole weeks in wailing, months in anguish passed;
Then, when her eyes have no more tears to shed,
She takes of her false love one look—the last—
Then tears the altar down—his image spurns!
Iconoclast!

Life seems a desert, paved with burning sands,
Curtained with cold, black-bosomed, drizzly skies;
Her rough way through it, bound with wounding hands,
Filled full of angry gleaming serpent eyes!
The trees and flowers gaunt skeletons and wraiths,
The breeze—her sighs.

She loves no more! Break off the tender vine,
And fresh, green sprouts in time will spring again;
Cast in the waves a stone, the eddying brine
Smooths over all, and heaves without a stain—
But break a heart, and its rent chords can ne'er
Tune to Love's strain!

A sweet old maid! pensive, and good, and kind;
Her great soul chastened in refining fire!
Lovely in form and face—a saint in mind—
A very angel in each pure desire!
A brave, true woman doing duty here—
And looking higher.

Faith, Hope, and Trust around her twine their arms;
She leans her head on Truth's protecting breast—
Virtue at her right hand wards off all harms,
And angels fan her when she sinks to rest—
And God has sealed, within the Book of Life,
Her name, so blest!

HINDOSTANEE DHOOLIE, USED BY HOSPITALS AND IN THE FIELD.

FRENCH JUSTICE IN ALGERIA.

THE FELON BUSH.

Scene I.—The interior audience-chamber presided over by the French Resident, who is surrounded by his suite. Inside—the kadis and other native official personages; outside—complainants, witnesses, messengers, and the whole medley of the Arab population.

French Resident. (To his chaouch—a sort of beadle, constable, and crier united.) Admit a complainant.

The Chaouch. Instantly. (He opens the door, and leads in by the arm a young man tolerably well dressed, with a pale face, a sprouting beard, very restless eyes, and in general aspect timid and embarrassed. The youth casts an uncertain glance over the assembly, and begins shouting, without knowing where to address himself.)

Plaintiff. I have been robbed! I have been robbed!

F. R. Of what have you been robbed? And where did the robbery take place?

P. (Without attending to the question.) I come to make a complaint. I have been robbed. (He turns his head in every direction, not knowing to whom he has replied, and seems completely in a maze.)

Chaouch. But don't you see? Look towards the Agha (the title the Arabs generally give to the chief officer of the bureau), since he is the person you have to address. There; see where he is! Turn yourself in that direction.

P. I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I have been robbed!

F. R. You have already said so. But answer me. Of what have you been robbed? and in what tribe did the robbery take place?

P. I beg your pardon. I do not understand you. (Shouting)—I do not understand French.

F. R. But I fancied I spoke to you in the purest possible Arabic. You cannot have listened attentively. (Raising his voice)—Open your ears: I am speaking to you in Arabic, and not in French.

C. (To the plaintiff.) How's this! Don't you know he is speaking Arabic?—he speaks it better than you or I. By the head of the prophet, your senses must be turned topsy-turvy.

P. (To the chaouch.) I thought that as he was dressed in the French fashion, he talked in the same way. But I did understand the last words he said. True; he speaks Arabic. That will be convenient for the settlement of my business.

F. R. Well, then, since you understand me now, just answer my first questions. Of what have you been robbed? and where did the robbery take place?

P. Bou Tekrouide has stolen my mule.

F. R. What! Bou Tekrouide, the kaïd of the Ouled Medaguin? You doubtless mean to say, some of his people; for he himself has mules enough without stealing them on the highway.

Bou Tekrouide. (To the plaintiff.) Ah! Si Hhamed, you are a mylord (a title ordinarily given by the Arabs to their *marabouts*, priests, or saints): can you really assert that I have ever stolen anything from any one?

It was not you; but it was your people.

B. Tell me how the affair happened, that I may be a little enlightened upon the subject.

P. (Somewhat more at ease.) I went to borrow a sidi krelil (a law-book) from the Ouled [illegible], marabouts of the Ouled Medaguin. I arrived there in the evening at nightfall, and I tied up my mule, without suspicion, at the door of my host's tent. The ground was perfectly naked; there was not a single hiding-place for thieves. And, besides, I thought that the Ouled Medaguin, like other people, would respect the property of their marabouts, for fear of drawing down the vengeance of Heaven. I went to rest, then, in perfect tranquillity. During the night, I rose to go and breathe the air, and went up to a bush which I met with, at twenty paces' distance from the tent. When I lay down again, the idea of this bush continued to haunt me. It appeared to me that I had not seen it on arriving the previous evening. Nevertheless, I went to sleep again. A few instants afterwards, I was once more awake; and, casting a glance upon my mule, I perceived in front of her a bush, on which she seemed to be browsing. I looked towards the position of the other, and could see nothing of it. The two bushes were so exactly alike, that the thought struck me that perhaps the ancestor of the Ouled Sidi Calhha—Allah have mercy upon him!—had done me the favor to transport the former to my mule, to replace her straw, which was running short. I could not, in fact, admit the possibility of the bush's having travelled alone, without the aid of some supernatural power. I was puzzled and absorbed in my reflections, still gazing at my animal. All on a sudden, I observed my bush to shake and tremble; and then a man got out of it, jumped upon the back of my mule, and started off at full gallop. I was robbed. The bush was a man. It was an Ouled Medaguin—may Allah curse them! I comprehended then, to my sorrow, the marvellous travels of that diabolical bush; and that I should take the air close by it, and see nothing all the while! By the benediction of my grandfather, Si Hhamed—Allah have mercy upon him!—it is too bad.

F. R. It is certainly a singular mode of stealing.

Bou Tekrouide. Gracious Allah! there is nothing at all surprising in it. The Ouled Medaguin are always in that way. I am their kaïd, but I do not attempt to conceal their little failings. They are thieves, 'tis true; but that is the very reason why people should be cautious when they pass the night in their company.

F. R. A pleasant answer! Are you not aware that it is your duty to protect strangers, and that the orders on this subject are precise? And, then, who would mistrust a bush, and suppose it to be the means of such diabolical tricks?

B. T. But bush-thieving is well known throughout the whole country. (With some pride)—The Ouled Medaguin are the inventors of it. Under the Turks, when the police was inefficient, they practised it on a grand scale. I shall never forget the thirty camels and seventeen mares, that were carried off in this way in one single night, from a caravan which came from the south to purchase grain. Forty-seven Medaguins, exactly the number of the stolen animals, transformed themselves into bushes, and insensibly approached, to be eaten by their future prey, under the very noses of the masters and the watchmen whom they had appointed. Then, at a given signal, every bush sent forth its man, and every man took possession of his beast, to the great astonishment of the people, who believed the whole thing the work of the devil, and took the Ouled Medaguins to be his ministering demons.

F. R. Faith! they were not far from the truth. The devil alone can have sent into the world such people as the Ouled Medaguin. Is there no possibility of improving them, except by utter extermination?

B. T. Oh, but they are greatly changed, ever since you have governed the country. Certainly, they would take good care now how they played such a trick. Some time ago they decided, in their council of notables, to give up bush-thieving, as carrying things a little too far; and therefore I am greatly surprised to hear what has happened to Si Hhamed. It is really incredible.

F. R. It is perfectly credible, according to my ideas. It is, moreover, a very easy matter to set right; you will tell your people that I allow them a fortnight to restore the mule, and to catch the thief. If, at the end of that time, they have not done so, they shall reimburse its value to the owner, and pay into the treasury a fine of ten times that amount. (To Si Hhamed)—How much was your mule worth?

P. My mule! She was the handsomest mule in the place. Every one will testify that such a mule was never seen for perfection of form and swiftness of pace. She was worth at least two hundred *douros*. I refused a hundred and eighty at the last market.

B. T. Two hundred douros for your mule! May Sidi-Ben-Abd-Alla blind my eyes and cripple my limbs, if she was worth so much as thirty!

P. By the justice of the Master of Worlds!—by the benediction of the Holy Chamber, I have only spoken the truth! May Sidi-Bou-Krari wither my tongue, and punish me to the twentieth generation, if I have lied!

F. R. In this fashion, I see it is impossible to arrive at the truth by means of either testimony. You both of you swear with equal facility; and the assertion of the one is as good as that of the other. I shall elsewhere obtain information as to the value of the mule; and as that is not required till the interval allowed the Ouled Medaguin has elapsed, I shall have plenty of time for it. (To Si Hhamed)—You may now retire; you will return in a fortnight. (To Bou Tekrouide)—And you, remember my conditions.

B. T. I will do what Allah has written. Do not require impossibilities.

F. R. I shall know how to appreciate your efforts.

ARAB LOVE.

Scene II.—A female plaintiff is introduced, a girl of eighteen, beautiful both in face and figure of the Arab type in its purest form, and as simply and neatly dressed as a woman of the middle rank can be. Unlike the plaintiffs of the other sex, she seems perfectly competent to state her case, and expresses herself with a clearness and decision that are rarely met with in Arab women. It is evident that she is under the influence of some genuine and powerful sentiment; in other words, that her soul is illumined by a ray of faith. She commences speaking, without requiring to be interrogated.

Plaintiff. I am come to you, because here neither justice nor truth is to be found, except amongst the French. It is useless for them to deceive us, and shut us up in our tents; we see your works, and we know you well.

French Resident. My daughter, your words impress me with a favorable opinion of you. Speak without fear; and be assured that everything possible shall be done to aid you.

P. Oh! I do speak without alarm. It is not here that a woman need be afraid—I have never felt more at ease.

F. R. Quite right, my child. What complaint have you to make? Has any injustice been done to you?

P. I will tell you all, and that truly; for you are the only one who can understand me, and support my rights. My name is Ourida Bent Douni; I am the daughter of Douni Ben, the *khhab* of the tribe of the Beni Todjar, and I have to complain of my own father, who wants to force me to marry his neighbor, Mammar Belaseman, an ugly and infirm old man.

F. R. How came your father to entertain so unfortunate an idea? Could he be seduced by the dowry offered by Belaseman? Does he wish, like so many others, to sacrifice his child for a few crowns?

P. No; the dowry has nothing to do with this affair. My father wishes to marry Belaseman's daughter; and Belaseman refuses to yield her, except on condition that I am given in exchange. I have resisted this with all my strength; because the man to whom I am to be transferred fills me with aversion. My refusal has brought upon me my father's anger, with blows and bad treatment of every description. They bound me fast. Here; look at my arms still bruised by the rope, which I broke—or rather which (the plaintiff here falls into a most becoming state of embarrassment)—which was broken for me. For, without that aid, I know not what would have become of me.

F. R. Let us see, my child; lay aside all bashfulness. It is desirable you should tell me what that aid was, although I fancy I can guess it. Since you seem to understand our nation so well, you ought to know that a sincere attachment is always respected and honored amongst us, and that we despise only hypocrisy and falsehood. Speak without hesitation. Tell me all you have on your mind.

P. (With a burst of natural feeling.) Yes; I will tell him. And why not? Ought I to conceal anything from you? It was not I myself who broke my bonds; I had not sufficient strength for that. It was Hhabib Ould Galb, a brave horseman, and one of your Makrezen.

F. R. Whom you prefer to Belaseman, do you not?

P. Yes; I love him. Why not avow it? What harm is there in that? I had much rather die at once, than belong to any other man than him!

F. R. Good, very good, my child: your sincerity and openness of heart do you the greatest possible honor. I give you my word you shall have satisfaction. But let me have a full and clear explanation: did Ould Galb carry you off?

P. Oh, I am not ashamed to tell you all. We have loved each other for more than a year, ever since Ben Thin's wedding, where he saw me dance with the women of the tribe, and where I witnessed his performance of the exercises better than any other rider of all the assembled *gouns*. Afterwards, being aware of my father's violent temper, he often tried to persuade me to elope with him. I always refused: but my patience was at last exhausted. On finding myself bound fast and beaten, I sent Bent Soudan, our negress, to inform him; but I swear, by the head of the prophet, that we came at once straight to you.

F. R. I believe you. He accompanied you hither. He is here, then?

P. Yes, certainly, he his here: but of course he did not dare to present himself with me.

Orders are immediately given for the introduction of Ould Galb, who does not keep the court waiting long. He is a handsome young man, with a countenance at once mild and energetic, and in complete and orderly horseman's costume. A glance is sufficient to justify the plaintiff in preferring him to the decrepit Belaseman. His attitude betrays a certain degree of uneasiness, but only from the fear lest his wishes should be disappointed.

P. (To the cavalier.) Fear nothing. I have told the Agha all: he knows everything.

Ould Galb. (Evidently more at his ease.) Glory to Allah! You were right to tell him; for, as for me, I should have found some difficulty in doing so.

F. R. Very well. I see I shall be able to make short work of it. (To Ould)—Will you marry this woman? (The young man shouts the most decided "Yes!" that ever was heard under like circumstances.) And you: will you take this man for your husband? (Ourida emits another "Yes!" not more pointedly affirmative, but certainly shriller, than the former one.) After your mutual consent, in the name of Allah, who has inspired your love, I declare you man and wife. (To the kadi)—Draw up the act of marriage immediately.

The Kadi. (A little out of countenance.) But, Sidi, Sidi Krelil, in the chapter on the union of the sexes—

F. R. My friend, I know very well what Sidi Krelil says. He would direct me to restore the daughter to her father, and, in spite of her repugnance and her protestations, would make her marry a man whom she detests, and who is old enough to be her grandfather. But, then, you easily foresee what would happen if I were mad enough to follow his rules. Either Belaseman would murder this poor girl, or else she would elope with the man whom she loves, thereby causing a great public scandal. Is not the dilemma plain to you all? (Here a slight murmur of assent arises in the assembly, piercing the thick strata of prejudice which envelope it.)—Now, since by obeying the law you want to revive, I cause an evil or a crime; and since by violating its directions I produce nothing but good, is it not better to take the latter alternative?

The Kadi. But it is nevertheless written in the commentaries of Sidi El Khhal, that—

F. R. Your Sidi El Khhal tells us no more about the matter than Sidi Krelil. Those who make laws, and those who write commentaries on them, can say but one and the same thing; namely, that they must be obeyed. But when a law is not in harmony with the human heart, it is constantly violated, however cruel may be the penalties which enforce it. The law in question has been absurdly enacted in flagrant opposition to the human heart; and one of the two, either the law or the human heart, must necessarily sometimes give way. The law has yielded in the present instance, and why? Because the law is the work of man, while the human heart is the work of Allah. But I fear you do not comprehend this logic.

The Chiefs (in chorus, nine-tenths of whom fancy they are listening to a Chinese oration). What admirable words! It is the spirit of Allah speaking by your mouth!

F. R. (To the kadi.) Well! Does your conscience now permit you to draw up the act in question?

The Kadi (in a fit of common sense, which now and then seizes him). By the justice of Allah! With all my heart. It can do nothing but good.

F. R. Note well, all you who hear me. I wish the Arabs practiced less the crimes of falsehood, theft, and murder, and more frequently married the women they love.

The Chiefs (in chorus, with a charming smile, before which the last layer of prejudice promises to vanish). Sidi Boukrari! I call that speaking!

Ben Safi. Oh, certainly. You do quite right in marrying this poor girl. I know her father, who is an old curmudgeon that would skin his own child alive for a douro.

R. F. I never had any doubts on that subject. (To the kadi)—Where is the act? There is no need to mention any dowry for the father; for if he should come to claim it, you will tell him that the blows he gave his daughter will be reckoned as a set-off against it.

The kadi draws up the act, with the usual forms, gravity and spectacles. The precious paper is then presented, by the French resident himself, to the new-married couple, who, in the eagerness to seize it, run a risk of tearing it in pieces. Glories to Allah, cries of joy, and innumerable benedictions, flow from their mouths. They depart at last, after two or three times mistaking their way out, in their delirium of happiness. The assembly, involuntarily affected by the scene, and unused to a sincere display of warm and natural sentiment, are decidedly satisfied with this daring violation of the law.

TRIAL BY BATTLE IN ENGLAND.

Even within the lifetime of the present generation, Trial by Battle, as the legal mode of testing a man's character or probity by fighting was denominated, remained a portion of the English law.

In the year 1818, Abraham Thornton, charged with the murder of a young lady named Mary Ashford, astonished everybody, and somewhat puzzled his judges, by refusing to submit his case to be tried by a jury, and by availing himself of the long-since disused, and almost forgotten law which allowed him, instead, to summon his accuser to a wager of battle, or trial by single combat. In vain was his right to do so questioned by the adverse counsel, on the plea that the law of trial by battle was obsolete, not having been employed for some two centuries. The Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough at once decided that as the act had never been repealed, it still formed part of the law of the land. So, Thornton being a powerful, athletic fellow, and his accuser—who was, by-the-bye, the brother of the murdered girl—a weak stripling, not more than twenty years of age, the latter declined the proffered combat, and the suspected murderer was set at liberty; a result which, judging from the reported circumstances of the case, and the evidence against him, would hardly have been probable but for his opportune digging up of this long-forgotten law.

The unexpected termination of this trial led to the bringing into Parliament the following year, of a bill, "to abolish all appeals of murder, treason, felony, or other offences, and wager of battle, or joining issue, and trial by battle, in writs of right."

The wager of battle, like the ordeals of fire, water, touching the murdered body, and other extraordinary and now obsolete modes of finding out the better or worse man, of course originated in the superstitious belief that Providence would in all cases give the victory to him who had the right upon his side; yet, in spite of this belief, we find some rather singular regulations provided against the battle going too obviously wrong. Such, for instance, as that a party detected in the very commission of the act alleged against him, or under circumstances that left no possible doubt of his guilt, could not claim the right of trial by combat. It would have been so very awkward if he had been victor after all.

One important difference, however, existed in the conduct of the civil and criminal cases.—In criminal matters, the accuser and accused met on the field and fought it out in person: in civil suits the parties fought by proxy. Each employed a sort of physical force barrister.—The reason for this, as given by Judge Blackstone, is, that if any party to the suit dies, the suit must abate, and be at an end for the present: and, therefore, no judgment could be given for the lands in question, if either of the parties were slain in battle. Another reason was, that no person should be allowed to claim exemption from this mode of trial in a civil action, while there were many circumstances under which the accused party in a criminal charge was deprived of his choice of trial, and compelled to submit the inquiry to a jury. The fact of the accuser being a female, or under age, or above the age of sixty, or in holy orders, or a peer of the realm, or any one expressly privileged from the trial by battle, by some charter of the king (as were the citizens of London among others), or laboring under some material personal defect, as blindness or loss of a limb: any of these were sufficient ground for refusing the wager of battle.

A brief account of the solemnities observed on the occasion of judicial duels may prove interesting. In a civil trial of a writ of right—by which it was sought to obtain possession of lands or tenements, in the occupation of another—the tenant pleaded the general issue, that is to say, that he had more right to hold than the demandant had to recover, and offered to prove it by the body of his champion. This offer was accepted, the champion was produced, who, throwing down his glove as a gage or pledge, waged or stipulated battle, with the champion o opposing party. The latter accepted the challenge by picking up the glove.

A piece of ground, sixty feet square, was set out, enclosed with lists, with seats erected for the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; who presided at these trials in their full scarlet robes, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeants-at-law. As soon as the Court had assembled, at sun-rising, proclamation was made for the parties and their champions. These were introduced by two knights, and dressed in coats of armor, with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons they were furnished with, though formidable were not deadly. Indeed a fatal termination to these civil combats was rarely if ever known. They were armed only with bâtons, or staves of an ell long, and each carried a four-cornered leathern shield.

On their arrival in the lists, the champion of the tenant took his adversary by the hand, and made oath that the tenements in dispute were not the property of the demandant, the champion of the claimant in precisely the same form, swore in answer that they were. Next, both champions took an oath that they had not made use of any sorcery or enchantment to assist them in the fight. The usual form of this was as follows:—"Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither eat nor drank, nor have upon me neither bones, stones, nor grass (!) nor any enchantment, sorcery nor witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the devil may be exalted. So help me God and his Saints."

Then the fight commenced, and they were bound to fight the whole day through, until the stars appeared, or until one was beaten. If the victory could be achieved either by the death of a champion (a very rare occurrence,) or by either proving recreant, that is by yielding, and pronouncing the horrible word Craven, a word of no absolute meaning, "but," says Blackstone, "a horrible word indeed to the vanquished champion, since as a punishment to him for forfeiting the lands of his principal by pronouncing that shameful word, he is deemed as a recreant amittere liberam legem, that is to become infamous, being supposed by the event to be foresworn, and therefore, never to be put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause!"

The proceedings in criminal cases were very similar to the above, only the oaths of the two combatants were much more striking and solemn. Blackstone gives the following as the form; the accused party holding the Bible in his right hand, and his antagonist's hand in the other, said:—

"Hear this, oh, man! whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself John by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Thomas by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy father, William by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony, so help me God and the Saints, and this I will defend against thee by my body as this court shall award."

The accuser answered in the same form, making oath to his antagonist that he was perjured, which he will defend with his body, &c., as before. The same weapons were employed, and the same oaths, against amulets and sorcery as in the civil combat. If the accused party yielded, he was ordered to be hanged immediately; but, if he could vanquish his opponent, or maintain his ground from sunrise to starlight, he was acquitted. The same penalties of infimy and loss of citizenship awaited the accuser if he yielded, as fell to the lot of the recreant champion; in addition to which, the victor could recover damages for the false accusation.

Such were the laws which regulated the old institution of the wager of battle. But all these things have passed away, and it is left now for poor unlettered roughs assembled at street corners, or disputing in their tap-rooms, and for duellists, to fight by way of proving the best man. Yet not entirely so, either. When a despotic sovereign bent on self-aggrandisement lays claim to territories not his own; when other nations interfere, and tell him he has no right to back his claims, and when at last the question is put to the dread arbitrement of war—what is this after all, but a gigantic fight to prove which is the better man?

A Wonderful Memory.—William Lyon, a strolling player, performed in the year 1648, at Edinburg, and was a most excellent representative of Gibby in the Wonder; this man was himself a wonder, remarkable for strength of memory, of which he gave the following surprising instance. One evening, he wagered a crown bowl of punch, that next morning, at the rehearsal, he would repeat a *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. At the rehearsal, his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining that he certainly must have forgot it. Lyon very coolly produced the paper, handed it to his adversary, and, notwithstanding the little connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos, repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 14th, Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said he had been desired by his colleague, Mr. Sumner, to state that owing to the condition of his health, he desired to be excused from serving upon any of the Standing Committees.

Mr. Evans announced the death of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, paying an eulogy to the eminent talents and ability of the deceased.

Messrs. Pugh, Clay, Mason and Cameron briefly paid tributes to the memory of the deceased.

The customary resolutions of respect were then adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, announced, in appropriate terms, the decease of his late colleague, Senator Bell, who died during the recess of Congress.

Messrs. Fessenden, of Maine, and Seward, of New York, also delivered eulogies, and after the adoption of the customary resolutions of respect, the Senate adjourned.

On the 16th, on motion of Mr. Gwin, of California, a resolution was adopted calling on the President for all correspondence between the Departments and the present Governor of Kansas, together with all the orders and instructions which have been issued to said officer.

Mr. Allen submitted a resolution that the Standing Committees be arranged as follows (we only give the most important committees):—

Foreign Relations—Messrs. Mason, of Virginia; Douglass, of Illinois; Slidell, of Louisiana; Polk, of Missouri; Crittenden, of Kentucky; Seward, of New York, and Foot, of Vermont.

Finance—Messrs. Hunter, of Virginia; Pearce, of Maryland; Gwin, of California; Bright, of Indiana; Biggs, of North Carolina; Fessenden, of Maine; and Cameron, of Pennsylvania.

Military Affairs—Messrs. Davis, of Mississippi; Fitzpatrick, of Alabama; Johnson, of Arkansas; Iverson, of Georgia; Broderick, of California; Wilson, of Massachusetts; and King, of New York.

Judiciary—Messrs. Bayard, of Del.; Toombs, of Georgia; Pugh, of Ohio; Benjamin, of Louisiana; Green, of Missouri; Collamer, of Vermont, and Trumbull, of Illinois.

Post Office and Post Roads—Messrs. Yulee, of Florida; Bigler, of Pennsylvania; Gwin, of California; Thompson, of New Jersey; Fitch, of Indiana; Hale, of New Hampshire, and Dixon, of Rhode Island.

Public Lands—Messrs. Stuart, of Michigan; Johnson, of Tennessee; Pugh, of Ohio; Johnson, of Arkansas; Broderick, of California; Foster, of Connecticut, and Harland, of Iowa.

Territories—Messrs. Douglas, of Ill., Jones, of Iowa; Sebastian, of Arkansas; Fitzpatrick, of Alabama; Green, of Missouri; Collamer, of Vermont, and Wade, of Ohio.

Messrs. Hamlin, of Maine; Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Chandler, of Mich., regarded the list of committees as unjust, disproportionate and sectional.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, said that he should vote for the list, because it had been agreed upon by a regular Democratic caucus; but he concurred with those Senators who had expressed their opinions that the committees were not fairly formed.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, vindicated the propriety of the formation of the committees. He said that it was proper that the dominant party should always retain the ascendancy on all the principal committees in their own hands.

Mr. Gwin, of California, alluded to the manner in which the Republicans arranged the committees in the House of Representatives, when they had the power, as being in an eminent degree both sectional and unjust.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, denied that, at the last Congress, the Republicans had been unjust to the Democrats in the formation of the House committees.

Mr. Gwin, of California, said he did not refer particularly to the last Congress, but to the general practice of that party for many years.

The list was then agreed to. Yeas 30; nays 19.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, then proceeded to speak on Kansas affairs. The speech of the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) he said took him by surprise, not only as to its matter, but its manner of argument, and it was well calculated to prejudice the question really pending before the people of Kansas. He wished to counteract, as far as might be in his power, the impression which had been made by that speech. The real issue at present is, whether Kansas, when her constitution shall be presented, ought to be admitted into the Union, or ought the consideration of what the Senator from Illinois has called "a fundamental error" of the President, to be regarded as sufficient cause for keeping Kansas out of the Union, and keeping up the agitation of this most unfortunate question? The question is not whether we approve or do not approve all the individual parts of the Lecompton Constitution, namely: as to its provisions with reference to banking, taxation, etc. These are matters with which we have nothing to do, but which are to be left to the people themselves to regulate. The only question for Congress to consider is—does the constitution embody a republican form of government? Has anybody ever disputed that proposition, and contended to the contrary? Certainly the Senator from Illinois had not done so. There seems to be a want of clear understanding as to the relation which the Federal government sustains towards a territory. The inhabitants of Kansas are a people, and what "enabling act" is required to impart to them the power to propose a change in their form of government? Is an enabling act requisite to give them more political rights, or more inalienable rights? That would be a solecism, and a contradiction.

From these considerations it could be argued that Congress would have no right to refuse to admit Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution. The people of Kansas never proposed a form of State government without the consent of Congress. The convention was held in subordination to the territorial government. If admitted into the Union, the State government will take the place of the territorial government, and not without. If any attempt were made to subvert the present government, and set up another in opposition to the federal authority, we could subjugate it. But it is not proposed to interfere with the territorial government, until the consent of Congress has been received. There are eight States now in the Union, which formed a consitution without "enabling acts," for the admission of two of which, the Senator from Illinois himself had voted. The States of Florida and California had no enabling act previous to their admission. If the Senator from Illinois could vote for the admission of these States, there can be no reason why he cannot vote for the admission of Kansas. The assent of Congress may be given at any time. The organic act declares that the people of Kansas shall be perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. The way they, the people, chose, was to leave it to the action of a convention, which body was under no obligation to submit the constitution, or any part of it, to the popular vote. It chose, however, to submit the slavery question, (which was really the great "bone of contention,") as a matter of policy and prudence, and not from any legal compulsion whatever. Mr. G. was of the opinion that the submission of the question of slavery alone, was better calculated to get the real will and judgment of the people than if the whole constitution was submitted.

It has been also said, Mr. G. continued, that the people of Kansas were deceived, and that positive pledges and promises to submit a constitution had been made and violated. That was a matter about which there had been a great deal of controversy; but, as there was no positive evidence of this deception, he did not think proper to dwell upon it. In conclusion, he urged the importance of deciding the question speedily, so as to put an end to the constant agitation which had so long embittered the feelings of the different sections of the Union. He thought the Lecompton Constitution met with the approbation of a majority of the people of Kansas, and if any of its provisions were obnoxious to them they would have the power of modifying or changing them at any time.

Mr. Douglas replied. He was gratified at the tone and spirit in which the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Green) had discussed the question. But as that Senator seemed to have misapprehended his position, as laid down in the speech delivered by him the other day, he would make a brief statement on one or two points, in order that the State and the country might see what his position really was—

Firstly—He did not regard it as a fatal objection, that there was no "enabling act" in advance.

Secondly—He did not take the position that it was a fatal objection that the constitution was not submitted to the people, before it was sent to Congress for acceptance.

The position he did assume was, that the regular mode of proceeding is by "an enabling act;" but if the territorial legislature proceeds to call a convention without having the consent of Congress to do so, that is irregular; not so irregular, however, that it necessarily follows that all the proceedings of the body are vitiated. A convention, or any other body of men may send a petition to Congress for a change in the form of their government; and Congress is at liberty to accept or reject the petition as it pleases. The "Lecompton Convention" was not an unlawful body, and might send a petition to Congress. But it was a convention authorized to establish or institute a government for itself. He conceded that many new States had been admitted into the Union without an "enabling act" being first passed by Congress. But, in this case, the schedule provided that the constitution should be submitted to the people of Kansas for their approval or disapproval. No constitution could be considered as republican in its form, which did not embody the will of the people who are to be governed by it, as was not formed by their action.

The next question was, what is the best mode of ascertaining that will? He agreed with the President, that the best mode was to refer it to the people themselves, for their acception or rejection, by a fair vote. He could not admit that a constitution, forced upon the people against their will, was a republican constitution. It is no use to say it is a good constitution: Congress has no right to cram "good things" down their throats against their will. The question is, whether the people shall be permitted to form their own constitution. The Senator from Missouri has urged the importance of terminating this controversy. Now, he (Douglas) would do anything that was right, anything that was just, in order to terminate it. He would sacrifice everything but his principles and the honor of his country, to close this unhappy agitation. But how are we to do it? It must be done upon the principles of eternal justice and truth, or it will not stay closed. Congress must terminate it upon the principles of self-government, or the people will not have a republican system of government. No system of patching up and trickery will settle this question. Instead of establishing peace, such a course would but excite a new controversy. It would be necessary to increase the army, and use the military power of the government, if the majority were to be subjected to the oppression of the minority. He trusted there would be no outbreak, that no violence would be used, but he feared that such would be the result, if the majority of the people of Kansas were to be coerced into submission to the will of the minority. The Senator from Missouri had said that the people could change the constitution immediately after Kansas became a State. But he (Douglas) argued, on the other hand, that it could not be changed, by the provisions of the constitution itself, until the year 1864, and could only be changed then by a convention to be called by two-thirds of the members of the Legislature. It is a principle of law that when a constitution provides for its being changed at a particular time, and in a particular manner, it excludes all other times and all other modes.—Any court in Christendom would thus construe it, and the only mode of changing the constitution would be by revolution.

This scheme, therefore, is a scheme of war, and leads directly to war; and, he said, if I should vote to admit Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution, I should feel obliged, in consequence, to increase the army and enforce it at the point of the bayonet.—Hence, he besought Senators to pause before they committed themselves to such a fatal error. This was not to be regarded as an Administration measure. Every man on the floor of the Senate was at perfect liberty to vote for or against it, without surrendering his party ties. The adoption of the measure would not only rend the Democratic party, but would endanger the peace and perpetuity of the Union. The President was a frank man, and he did not believe the President would ask his party to do that to which he was unwilling to commit himself on paper. He did not believe that the President would ask Senators to run their necks into the halter of disunion or civil war, before he was ready to take the lead and point out the way. Then let us restore peace to the country by ignoring these irregular conventions at Lecompton and Topeka, and authorize the people to go forward and form a constitution and State government for themselves. That he believed would restore quiet in ninety days.

Mr. Green responded, denying that the people of Kansas would be compelled to retain the present constitution till 1864, and argued that a convention could be called at any time to make such changes as a majority of the people might desire.

The further consideration of the subject was then postponed until Monday. Adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Gwin, of California, presented a memorial, signed by a large number of the citizens of California and New Mexico, praying for the establishment of the territorial government of Arizona, and subsequently introduced a bill for that purpose. On his motion, a select committee of nine were ordered to consider so much of the President's Message as refers to the Pacific Railroad, and subsequently introduced a bill for its construction. The committee are:—Messrs. Gwin of California, Douglas of Illinois, Bright of Indiana, Davis of Mississippi, Hunter of Virginia, Seward of New York, Bell of Tennessee, Foot of Vermont, and Iverson of Georgia.

On motion of Mr. Slidell, (Louisiana,) a Select Committee of five was appointed to examine into the condition of the banking institutions of the District of Columbia, and the authority by which such corporations assume to transact the business of banking. Also, what further legislation is necessary to regulate and control such banks.

On motion of Mr. Seward, of N. Y., a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for any correspondence which may have taken place between the Departments and the British and French residents on the subject of claims for alleged losses by the bombardment of Greytown.

On motion of Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., the credentials of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, of Indiana, together with the protests against their right to hold their seats, &c., were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Wilson, (Mass.,) gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill, granting to the citizens of Washington and Georgetown, District of Columbia, a million acres of public lands, for the support of their schools.

Mr. Pugh (O.) introduced a bill to improve navigation at the falls of the Ohio river.

Mr. Clay (Ala.) introduced a bill to repeal all laws allowing fishing bounties.

Mr. Hunter, (Va.,) from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill for the issue of U. S. Treasury notes.

Mr. Hunter asked its immediate consideration, and caused to be read a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in which it is stated that in the warehouse at New York there is merchandize to the amount of twenty-eight millions of dollars, on which the duties to be paid are estimated at more than six millions of dollars. There is now in the treasury, subject to draft, less than six millions of dollars, and the excess of expenditures is daily reducing this amount; therefore, authority should forthwith be given to issue twenty millions of treasury notes.

Mr. Hunter said this bill corresponded with that of 1847, with the exception that there was no provision for funding the debt; and the other difference is as to the mode of paying the interest.

The bill was read. It authorizes the President to cause such sums to be issued as the exigencies of the public service may require, but not to exceed at any time the amount of twenty millions of dollars, nor to be of less denomination than fifty dollars; the notes to be paid and redeemed after the expiration of one year from the dates of such notes; from which dates, until they shall be respectively redeemed, they shall bear such rates of interest as shall be expressed in the said notes; which rates of interest, upon the first issue, (which shall not exceed six millions of dollars,) shall be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approbation of the President, but in no case to exceed six per centum per annum. The residue shall be raised, the whole or part, after a public advertisement of not less than thirty days, as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct, by exchanging them at their par value for specie to bidders who shall agree to make the exchange at the lowest rate of interest, not exceeding six per centum per annum. Provided, that, after the maturity of the said notes, interest thereon shall cease, at the expiration of sixty days' notice of readiness to pay and redeem the same, which notice may at any time be given by the Secretary of the Treasury. Payment or redemption of such notes shall be made to the lawful holders thereof, respectively, upon their presentment at the treasury, and shall include the principal of each note and the interest which may be due thereon. The faith of the United States is to be solemnly pledged for the redemption of these notes. No notes shall be pledged, hypothecated, sold or disposed of in any way, or for any purpose whatever, either directly or indirectly, for any sum less than the amount of such notes, including the principal and interest. The notes shall be transferred by an assignment, endorsed thereon by the persons to whose order the same shall be made payable, accompanied by the delivery of a notice that they have been so assigned. The notes are to be received by the proper officers, in payment of all debts and taxes levied by the authority of the United States, and payment of public lands, and on every such payment credit shall be given to the amount of the principal and interest due on such notes, on the day when they shall have been received by such officers. Authority is given to purchase the said notes at the proper amount of the principal and interest at any time. The remainder of the bill relates to details, provides penalties for forgery, and appropriates $20,000 to carry it into effect.

Objection being made to the immediate consideration of the bill, Mr. Hunter gave notice that he would call it up the next day.

Before proceeding to the election of printer, Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, offered a proposition that the person elected should receive the contract on condition that Congress should have the right to repeal or modify all the existing laws relative to the public printing, and that no loss or damage to the person, by reason of such modification or repeal, shall be allowed as constituting any claim against Congress. The proposition was agreed to.

The balloting was then proceeded with. Mr. Harris, of the "Union," received 28 votes, George M. Weston 18, scattering 3. Mr. Harris was declared elected.

Mr. Douglas, before the result was announced, said that he had declined to vote, for reasons satisfactory to himself.

Mr. Foot introduced a bill, granting a homestead of 160 acres to actual settlers.

Mr. Wilson presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, asking that the State be reimbursed for money advanced to the United States during the war of 1812.

After spending some time in Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Douglas introduced a bill authorizing the people of Kansas to form a constitution and State government, preparatory to their admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States.

The resolutions submitted yesterday by Mr. Pugh and Mr. Trumbull, calling on the President for further information with reference to Kansas affairs, were adopted.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note Bill.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, while explaining the provisions of the bill, said, although the crisis in commercial circles was, perhaps, past, yet there would not be a general revival in trade before the last of April or the first of May, and before that time the money now proposed to be raised would be needed by the Treasury Department.

Mr. Seward (New York) thought there was a clear necessity for the issue of Treasury notes, but the bill was not sufficiently guarded in several particulars. It had no limitation as to the term during which these notes ought to be issued. He was of opinion that the revenues to be collected during the present year would meet all deficiencies, and there would be another session of Congress next year, when any further action might be taken which seemed necessary. Therefore, he proposed to limit the bill to the beginning of next session. He thought also that ten millions would be sufficient, and the rate of interest contemplated seemed too high. Four per centum would procure all the money of which the Government might stand in need.

Mr. Simmons advocated a protective tariff. He wished to limit the issue to ten millions, and would vote for the bill with that reduction.

Mr. Hunter said he could not consent to such a reduction. If only ten millions were authorized, he thought Congress would be called upon for another bill in January. He was willing to reduce the maximum rate of interest to 4½ per centum, and limit the operation of the bill to one year.

Mr. Crittenden (Kentucky) preferred to have no interest on the notes, but to let them circulate as bank notes. It was rather strange, after the crisis was past, and the banks everywhere resuming, the Government should suspend, and Congress should supply the means. It was only from an imperative necessity for the measure that he could consent to vote for the bill. He hoped this measure would be followed up by one to increase the revenue to an extent sufficient to meet all contingencies.

Mr. Bell (Tennessee) alluded to the fact that many of the largest importers had been driven from the trade, in consequence of the frauds committed under the tariff bill of the last session. He thought a revision of that system indispensable. He could not vote for the issue of twenty millions, but moved an amendment, limiting the amount to so much as is now necessary.

Without concluding the debate, the Senate adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Crittenden submitted a series of resolutions in favor of an increase in the Tariff—and the Senate then resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note Bill. A long discussion took place—some members contending that the true remedy for an empty treasury was an increase of duties.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, opposed the bill, regarding it as a strange proposition to come from the Democratic side, to issue twenty millions of dollars worth of shinplasters. He was, however, willing to vote for it, if the amount could be reduced so as to provide only for the raising of so much money as was immediately wanted. He wished to prevent the circulation of these notes as bank notes.

The bill was amended by limiting the operations of the act till the 1st January, 1859; and by prohibiting the notes to be of less denomination than $100.

The bill was then passed by a vote of 31 yeas against 18 nays, the nays being Messrs. Bell, Tenn.; Broderick, Cal.; Chandler, Mich.; Clark, N. H.; Collamer, Vt.; Davis, Miss.; Dixon, R. I.; Doolittle, Wis.; Fessenden, Me.; Hamlin, Me.; Harlan, Iowa; Johnson, Tenn.; King, N. Y.; Pugh, Ohio; Simmons, R. I.; Trumbull, Ill.; and Wade, Ohio.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 14th, the committees were announced by the Speaker. The most important are as follows:—

Committee of Ways and Means—Messrs. Jones of Pennsylvania, Phelps, Banks, Letchep, Campbell, Davis of Maryland, Kelly, Howard and Dewdell.

Committee on Territories—Messrs. Stephens, Smith, Hughes, Zollicoffer, Knapp, and Clark of Missouri.

Committee on the Judiciary—Messrs. Houston, Caskill, Tappan, Craige, Billinghurst, Taylor of Louisiana, Ready, Chapman, and Clark, of New York.

Committee on Foreign Relations—Messrs. Clingman, Hopkins, Burlingame, Clay, Ritchie, Barksdale, Sickles, Royce, Groesbeck.

Committee on Claims—Messrs. Marshall of Illinois, Garnett, Giddings, Davidson, Kunkel of Pennsylvania, Moore, Goodwin, Arnold and Maynard.

Committee on Public Lands—Messrs. Cobb, McQueen, Bennett, Davis of Indiana, Walbridge, Rufin, Hill, Montgomery and McKibbin.

Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads—Messrs. English, Powell, Wood, Scott, Horton, Davis of Iowa, Craig of Missouri, Davis of Mississippi, and Atkins.

Mr. Lane, of Oregon, introduced a bill for the payment of expenses incurred by the Oregon and Washington Territories, for suppressing Indian hostilities.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, introduced a bill, providing for the granting of lands to the States and Territories for the promotion of the agricultural and mechanical arts. The bill appropriates six and a third millions of acres, to be distributed according to Federal representation.

The Senate resolution, announcing the death of Mr. Butler, was received. Mr. Boyce delivered an eulogy. Messrs. Stephens, Harris of Illinois, and Goode, followed.

The customary resolutions of respect were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On the 15th, the testimony in the election contest from the Third Congressional District of Ohio, and in relation to the seat of F. Ferguson, Delegate from the Territory of Nebraska, were referred to the Committee on Elections.

The resolutions of respect to the memory of Senator Bell, of New Hampshire, adopted by the Senate, were received.

Tappan, of New Hampshire, Colfax, of Indiana, and Washburne, of Maine, severally paid tributes to the memory of their friend, and, after the adoption of the usual resolutions, the House adjourned.

On the 16th, the members of the House met in their new hall.

A communication was received from the clergymen of Washington city, tendering their services to open the daily sessions with prayer.

Amid much confusion, the members proceeded to select their seats by lottery.

Mr. Jones, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill for the payment of invalid and other pensions.

Memorials were presented from Messrs. Brooks and White, of Baltimore, contesting the seats of Messrs. Davis and Harris. Referred to the Committee on Elections.

The Printing Committee reported a resolution for the printing of 20,000 extra copies of the President's message and accompanying documents.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said he heartily concurred with the views of the message in almost every sentence, except that part relative to Kansas. In his judgment, contrary to the opinion of the President, there will be no peace if Kansas be admitted under the Lecompton Constitution. Expediency is a dangerous doctrine when brought in contact with principle. There can be no peace when the rights of the people are jeopardied. He did not agree with the old theologians, that in order to be saved we must be damned. (Laughter.) His pledge to his constituents was to stand on the doctrine of the submission of the entire constitution to the people. This is of the highest concern, and essential to self-government. It has its foundation in the Cincinnati platform, in the President's inaugural, in Governor Walker's acceptance, in the President's letter to the Connecticut clergymen, in the instructions he sent to Governor Walker, and in his annual message. All came here on recorded evidence to show that pledges had been given to the people of Kansas that they should have the whole constitution submitted to them. He would ask the House why the traitorous Catalines of Kansas should therefore attempt to subjugate the people's will to their own. Having given these pledges, it would be a breach of faith and a gross dereliction of duty, to disregard them. The movement at Lecompton was an attempt to carry out the slavery principles, and by pretended submission, to force the constitution on an unwilling people, for in any event it could not be rejected. This sort of juggle would not do. The right of self government was higher and dearer than all the Cabinets and Presidents. There was no power, according to Jefferson and President Buchanan, for the Territorial Legislature to call into being a convention to supersede the territorial government, without the consent of the people, and the constitution would be putrescent, and should never be dragged into Congress for grave deliberation. It would be a congressional intervention in their domestic affairs.

The people of the north-west cared not what would be the result as to the domestic institutions of Kansas. He would vote for her admission as a slave State, if the will of the people be made clearly to appear. He referred to what he characterized as a fraud in the apportionment of representatives, and mentioned in this connection, as an example, the Oxford precinct. The constitution was not republican in form. It prohibited alteration until 1864. If any change is effected before, it must be by a civil war—for blood must ever track the steps of wrong. He earnestly protested against the constitution because it was against the principle of self-government. It must be submitted entire to the approval of the whole people. In conclusion, he gave notice of his intention to submit a proposition to take the popular vote on the subject.

Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, rose to express his surprise and regret that the gentleman had chosen this occasion to precipitate such a debate on the House. There are those who believe the Administration are in trouble, and that clouds are gathering around the Democratic party. He therefore humbly conceived that the friends of the Administration, and members of the Democratic party, should not be the first to sound the alarm.

There was no question before them as to whether Kansas shall be admitted as a free or as a slave State. Hence the time and occasion for the speech were against the gentleman. It was unexpected, for he had believed that we had no Presidential candidates in this body. Allusion was made to a distinguished Senator's position, but it might be well perhaps for that Senator to look well to his laurels and honor. He understood Mr. Cox to say with emphasis that the people of Ohio in the last Presidential election, decided that the constitution of Kansas, whatever it might be, should be submitted to the vote of the people. He apprehended that no such issue was presented either in Ohio or Indiana.

The gentleman from Ohio would recollect that the term of popular sovereignty was not understood until after the Presidential election, (laughter,) and until the decision on the Dred Scott case, was not understood in all sections alike, and not understood in the sense that Mr. Cox seemed to understand it. Perhaps the gentleman from Ohio does not intend to stand by the President. If he (Mr. Hughes) found himself compelled to separate himself from the Democratic party and administration, he should go with them to the last moment. He should not be the first to leave the ship. Where would the gentleman from Ohio go to carry out the doctrine of popular sovereignty?

Mr. Cox replied he would go to the platform of the Cincinnati convention, the President's inaugural and annual message, and his instructions to Governor Walker. He would stand on the wreck, and would not be driven off by any little scornful indignation.

Mr. Hughes replied that it was far from his intention to treat the gentleman with scorn. He had looked on his argument with sorrow and regret. But where would he go to get the popular sovereignty that the people should vote on the whole constitution? Would he go with those who attempt to enforce the Topeka constitution?

Mr. Cox, interrupting. I will not go there.

Mr. Hughes—The gentleman says in effect that he will form a party for himself. It is unfortunate that some people are not sufficiently important to build up a new party, or sufficiently humble to follow in the steps of one already organized. (Laughter.) He wanted gentlemen to show their hands on this question.

The resolution to print was then adopted, and also a resolution to print 10,000 copies of the financial report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Taylor, of New York, made an ineffectual effort to introduce a joint resolution for the payment of the arrearages of salary of members at the commencement of the session instead of at the end.

A resolution was adopted instructing the Select Committee to inquire and report what additional number of messengers and pages are rendered necessary by the removal of the House to the new hall, and what arrangements are necessary to accommodate the reporters of the press and promote the comfort of members. Adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Leidy announced the death of Wm. Montgomery, member of Congress from the 20th District of Pennsylvania, representing the counties of Fayette, Green and Washington.

Mr. Florence pronounced a eulogy on the character of the deceased.

The usual resolutions of respect were passed, when the House adjourned.

On the 18th, the House, upon motion of Mr. Clingman, of N. C., referred to a select committee of five the accounts of the late Clerk, Mr. Cullom, with power to report at any time, and send for persons and papers.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones (Penn.) from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes, similar in its provisions to that introduced in the Senate. Mr. J. said the exigencies of the Government required this bill to be passed as rapidly as possible, but he would not press its consideration now, unless the House, with some degree of unanimity, would give its consent. He was unwilling to force a debate on the subject, as the bill had not yet been printed.

Mr. Campbell (O.) said the House should have full time to examine into a measure of such moment.

Mr. Banks (Mass.) remarked that if the time at which heretofore treasury notes were issued, and the condition in which the Government was placed, were considered, there would be found no precedent for the passage of a bill like this. There is no such exigency now to require the passage of this bill at once.

Mr. Ritchie (Pa.) alluded to the fact that six or eight weeks ago the Treasury paid sixteen dollars on the hundred, of a debt not due, and asked why should it now be proposed to the Government to issue paper money, which has been condemned by the Democracy everywhere.

Mr. Grow (Pa.) was opposed to sending out twenty millions of paper money, the effect of which would be to add to the financial difficulties now prevailing, by continuing the hoarding of specie by the banks and by misers. He wanted time for deliberation in so important a proposition.

Mr. Jones gave notice that he would ask a consideration of the bill on Monday next. The committee then rose.

Mr. Banks (Mass.) introduced a bill authorizing the people of Kansas to form a constitution and State government, preparatory to their admission into the Union with all the rights of the original States. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

A joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Taylor, of New York, and was passed, providing for the payment of the arrearages of the salaries of members at the commencement instead of at the end of this session. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the discussion of the Treasury Note Bill was resumed. It was supported on the ground of necessities of the Treasury and of old precedents—and opposed as being an issue of irredeemable paper, &c. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.

MEDIUMS AND INK.—The following analysis of the manner in which spiritual music is sometimes produced, occurred a few days since in Lowell. The Vox Populi says: "The celebrated 'Davenport mediums,' who have been performing here the last two weeks such wonderful tricks as drawing music from various instruments without touching them, were outwitted, a day or two since, by a printer of this city. The two boy mediums were tied hands and feet and put into a dark place (of course!) with the instruments, the whole arrangement first examined by the spectators. Now, on this occasion, the said printer was a visitor, and he had been to apply a little private test for his own satisfaction. He took along with him a very little printing ink (which is as tenacious as wheel-grease,) and marked threwith the instruments. The performance went on; the mediums were firmly tied and bound to their seats, to convince the audience that they could not touch the instruments; then came the darkness; then instrumental music by the spirits; then the manager said 'Let there be light,' and the mediums were unbound and came forth—each with *fingers well bedaubed with printer's ink!*"

ECLIPSES.—There will be four eclipses during the year 1858, two of the sun and two of the moon:—

1st. A partial eclipse of the moon February 27, only partly visible in the United States. The moon will rise partly eclipsed, which will take place generally after the time of the greatest phase.

2d. An annular eclipse of the sun March 15. The sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian in longitude 8.15 west of Greenwich, latitude 43.44 north. In some parts of the United States the sun will be partially eclipsed.

3d. A partial eclipse of the moon August 24. At some places the first contact with the penumbra will not be visible; but to most places in the United States the whole eclipse will be visible.

4th. A total eclipse of the sun September 7. This eclipse will be total on the meridian. The sun will be centrally eclipsed in the southern hemisphere only.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.—The King of Delhi was found—no, he gave himself up—with the Queen; and they are safely shut up together in a little room in the courtyard of the palace. The English flag floats over the palace. Report says that when the King was brought back, he said, "I am no longer a King or a Mussulman; I will now eat pork." The King's two sons, and his grandson, the heir apparent to the throne, were caught and killed, and their bodies exposed to the public gaze in the Chowndee Chouk, a dreadful disgrace to the Imperial city. Fancy, on the smoke clearing away at the assault, the first thing that met the horrified gaze of our brave troops was a European crucified, and a woman (European) stripped naked, sore from head to foot, chained to a bastion, a raving maniac. Two European women were also found crucified. A round shot ended the miseries of the poor maniac.—*Private Letter from Simlah.*

THE PENTATEUCH CONFIRMED.—A work has recently been published in London by an accomplished Egyptian scholar, who, in examining Egyptian records, has found traces of a history parallel to that written by Moses. He finds Jannes mentioned five times, Moses twice, and Batuk son of Zippar, at a place called Huzoth; that a people of whom Moses was leader marched toward Palestine by the way of Migdol and Zoar; that they were connected with the names of Midia and Aram; that there was a contest at a place of a great water-flood; that a royal or noble youth meets a sudden and mysterious death, and that a royal order is immediately issued for the hasty departure of a people for their feast of "passing the dead;" and that miracles are named as being performed by their leader in Lower Egypt.—*N. Y. Ch. Adv.*

BORN TO GOOD LUCK.—Mr. John Martin, of London, is being put into possession of the "Jennings property," which for so long a period has been without a recognized heir. The cash he inherits amounts to the gigantic sum of $80,000,000, while his income will be $1,250,000 per annum. That is something like a fortune. The lucky inheritor has been wretchedly poor all his preceding life.

A number of persons in this county have had great hopes, for some years past, of coming into possession of a portion of this estate, but it seems they were not the lawful heirs.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Flour market has been rather dull since the receipt of the late European advices. The demand has been quite limited both for shipment and home use, but prices have undergone no essential change. The sales for export comprise 5000 bbls at $5 ⅌ bbl for standard brands, $5.25 for extra; $5,75@5,87½ for extra family, and $6.75 for scraped, including 1000 bbls Ohio and Penna extra, and some half bbls on terms kept secret. There is a steady inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers, within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very dull. Small sales of the former at $4.25@4.37½, and the latter at $3 ⅌ bbl, at which figures they are freely offered.

GRAIN.—Supplies of Wheat have fallen off since our last notice. There has been some inquiry for prime lots at a slight decline on last week's quotations, but that of inferior, which comprise the bulk of the stock, is neglected, and prices rule comparatively low. The sales foot up 10,000 bush at 89@1,90 ⅌ bush for inferior and prime red, and $1,10@1,33 for white, chiefly at $1,12@1,25 for the latter description. 2000 bush good white sold at the close at $1,12. Rye has been in demand, and taken on arrival at 75c for southern, and 78c for Penna. Corn has been in moderate request, and about 40,000 bush were disposed of at 58@59c for new yellow, according to dryness; 60@65c for old and new mixed; 68@69c for old, and 66@66c for new white. Oats have been in good demand, and have advanced; sales of 10,000 bush Southern at 33@35c, and Penna at 35@36c ⅌ bush, closing at our high-st figures. Sales of 3000 bush Barley Malt at $1, 3000 bush New York Barley at 86c ⅌ bush, and 1000 do Jersey and Penna at 80c, which is a decline.

PROVISIONS.—The transactions have been limited, and the general tendency of prices is downward. Sales of Mess Pork at $16@16,50 ⅌ barrel, and prime at $15. The receipts and stocks are very small. City Packed Mess Beef sells, as wanted, for ship stores, at $17@17,50 cash, which is a decline. Bacon has been very quiet—there being but little demand, and very little stock left to operate in. Small sales of Hams at 11@12½ cents, and Shoulders at 9½c ⅌ lb, on time. Green Meats are coming forward rather more freely, but there is very little inquiry. Sales of Hams at 9c, Sides at 8c, and Shoulders at 6½ a 7c ⅌ lb, 60 days. Lard continues to meet a very limited demand, but prices are unchanged. Sales of new to bbls at 10½ a 10½c, and kegs at 11½@11½c ⅌ lb, cash. Butter is in steady demand at last week's quotations. Sales of solid packed at 12@15c, and Roll at 15@20c ⅌ lb, cash. New York Cheese is selling at 9½@10c ⅌ lb.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark continue small, but the demand for it has fallen off, and No 1 is offered at $30 ⅌ ton, without finding buyers, except to the extent of 40@50 hhds. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—There has been more inquiry, and small lots of Yellow sold at 27@28c ⅌ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Sperm are in limited request at 42c ⅌ lb. City manufactured Adamantine are steady, and 4000 boxes sold at 20@21c.

COAL.—The market continues dull, but few orders coming in for shipment, and the demand for home consumption being limited. Prices, however, remain without change. The receipts are falling off. In Bituminous Coal no transactions.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals. The announcement of another auction sale caused quite a market for this article, and only 500 bags were disposed of at 10½@10¾c for Rio, and 11c for Laguayra. By auction 2200 bags Rio sold at 9¾@11c, an advance of ⅛ from the last sale.

COPPER—Demand limited. Small sales of English Sheathing at 28c, and 1500 sheets Yellow Metal at 22c ⅌ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been very dull, and the few transactions reported are at irregular rates, varying from 11@13½c ⅌ lb, cash. The receipts and stocks are small, but ample for the demand.

FEATHERS—Meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales of Western at 41@42c ⅌ lb, short time.

FISH—Mackerel continue very dull, and all the recent arrivals have been stored. The sales have been confined to small lots, from store, at $10,50@11 ⅌ bbl for medium No 1's, $9,50@10 for No 2, and $9 for No 3. Small sales of pickled Herring at $4; 500 bbls do, from the wharf, at $3,50, and Codfish at $3,25@3,50.

FRUIT—There has been more doing. Part of a cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons has been disposed of, from the wharf, on terms not made public. Raisins have been in good demand, with further sales of 3,00 packages at $2,25@2,31½ ⅌ box, and half and quarter boxes at proportionate rates. Sales of Walnuts at 11@c, and Filberts at 8c. Citron and Currants sell slowly at our quotations. The demand for Dried Fruit of all kinds has been limited, but supplies coming forward slowly. Small sales of Apples at 5½@7½c ⅌ lb, as in quality, and Peaches at 7@9c for unpeeled quarters and halves. Green Apples range from $2 a 3,75, and Cranberries from $6@11 ⅌ bbl, as in quality.

GINSENG—There is rather more inquiry, with sales of Crude at 50 cents, and Clarified at 70 cents ⅌ lb, cash.

GUANO—There has been little or no demand, and the sales have been unimportant.

HEMP—Continues very quiet, but no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—The stock has been increased by an arrival of African, but there has been very little inquiry.

HOPS—Are in steady demand, without change in prices. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 7@8c ⅌ lb, cash.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but there has been little or nothing doing.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and prices are unsettled. We quote Anthracite $23@25 ⅌ ton for No. 1; $21@22 for No. 2, and $20@22 for No. 3, cash and on time, with small sales at these figures. About 300 tons of the latter sold, part on terms kept private, and part at $19,50@20, cash. In Scotch Pig no sales have come under our notice. Blooms are but little inquired after. Small sales of Charcoal at $65@70 ⅌ ton, cash and 6 mos. Bar Iron meets a limited inquiry, within the range of our quotations.

LEAD—Is but little inquired after, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Prices are steady for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but there has been very little inqu

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Boston Journal says: "It is stated of one of our leading citizens, that a year or two ago he was estimated to be worth three-quarters of a million of dollars. At the present moment, by the depreciation of property in which he had invested his money, it is doubted by competent judges if his entire estate is worth one hundred thousand dollars.

PROLIFIC.—The wife of Senor Benites, of San Antonio, Texas, has recently given birth to her nineteenth child. She is but 38 years old.

RECOVERY OF BURIED TREASURE.—About a month ago, the body of a man, very much decomposed, supposed to have been drowned from a ferry boat, was buried by the authorities of Jersey City, N. J., at Bergen. Letters found upon the corpse showed that it was that of a German, named Nicholas Wertner, of Masconthin, Illinois. A day or two since the widow of the deceased came to Jersey City, and had the body exhumed, when a belt, containing $1,600 in gold was found upon it, and handed over to the widow.

WONDERFUL LIKENESS.—Mr. John Davis, of Slaughter Neck, Del., has twin daughters, five years old, that cannot be told apart by strangers, and the nearest neighbors, who see them daily, are not able to distinguish one from the other. Even their own father, meeting one of them alone, can scarcely tell whether it is Sarah or Mary, without asking the child its name. The only method of determining with certainty which is which, is by a small mark on the ear of one of them, that is only visible on close inspection.

THERE was a great storm in the Platte country in Missouri in the latter part of November, and a wandering white woman was frozen to death in a cabin near St. Joseph. She had apparently been born and brought up a lady, but her mind was unsettled, and she appeared to be in search of "George," who had deserted her. She had a little boy with her, her son, nine years old, who only knows that his name is George, and that he has always been travelling about with his mother.

FROM Minnesota, we have St. Paul advices to the 5th. The mercury marked 22 deg. below zero, and there had been good sleighing for a fortnight. We need hardly say that the Mississippi was only navigable on skates.

MR. BAKER, a little man of light weight, has husked one hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn in ten hours, at Waverly, Ohio, on a wager.

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.—The Senate of the State of South Carolina, on the 8th inst., without debate, disposed of the report and resolutions in favor of re-opening the slave trade, by indefinite postponement.

THE Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald says that upon the representations of the Tennessee delegation in Congress, who waited upon the President recently, Robert C. Randolph, the naval officer who pulled Gen. Jackson's nose, was suffered to resign the position in the Arsenal to which Gov. Floyd recently appointed him. The States denies that he ever received any appointment at the hands of the Administration, but admits that he obtained temporary employment as an act of common humanity.

BY THE official returns, it appears that Randall (Repub.) is elected Governor in Wisconsin by 118 majority. The other seven State officers are divided—Repub. 2, Dem. 5.

A GENTLEMAN in Terre Haute has a map of Mexico drafted by Aaron Burr himself, in contemplation of his expedition against that country, when he was arrested for treason. The different points on the Gulf, and the location of the principal places in the interior, are delineated with a minuteness and fidelity seldom met with in productions of this character.

DR. DANIEL DOWNEY, a Catholic priest, killed William Mullins, at Staunton, Va., on Sunday night week. The affair created much excitement. The priest wished the deceased to marry a young girl whom he had betrayed, and he refused. During an altercation which ensued, the priest, in order to save his own life, was compelled to shoot Mullins.

THE Detroit (Mich.) Tribune says that extra flour is now selling in that city at $1 per bbl. Why should it command double that price in Philadelphia?

THE workmen of Lyons and Paris are now in full work, and the manufacturers have sufficient orders in hand to employ their men the whole of the winter. Provisions have considerably fallen in price; bread is very cheap. Good drinkable wine is now to be had for seven sous the pint. Soup-kitchens are being organized in different parts of Paris.

M. SOYER proposes to dine one hundred persons in each funnel of the Leviathan, immediately after the launch.

CALIFORNIA FASHIONS.—The Sacramento Age says, "The ladies of Hyaupom are going to give a party in which they will appear in calico, in place of the usual dress of buckskin.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison keepers, that while wives constantly visit and comfort with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, almost invariably desert them in their public. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands.

A MAN in France lately lost his nose by a railroad collision. The nose that was destroyed was more in its ugliness—an enormous red bottle nose. A scientific surgeon, by a rhinoplastic operation, not only repaired the damage, but furnished him with a better, or at least a handsomer nose than he had before. But the man regretted his original bottle nose, and sued the railway company for 1,000 damages, showing a want of gratitude to the face which all the faculty justly condemn.

A NOVEL want of a Turkish lady has just led to the execution of an order of peculiar character by an English firm. The Sultana Fatima, daughter of his highness, the Sultan, and wife of Ghalib Pacha, son of the present Grand Vizier of Turkey, not long ago resolved to form orchestra, all the performers in which should be ladies. The collection, which is now complete, is composed of wind, stringed, and percussion instruments, 56 in number. All of them have been constructed, as respects lightness and finish, with due regard to the powers of the fair performers.

BROWN PAPER LITERATURE.—The Brown boys of Brown University, have started a paper called "*The Brown Paper.*" It is filled with matter relating to the college.

GEN. F. M. WYNKOOP, late U. S. Marshal for the Eastern District of this State, was accidentally shot while on a hunting excursion, near Tunqua, on the 12th instant. Col. Wynkoop commanded the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers during the war with Mexico, and distinguished for his acts of daring and individual bravery.

THE Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph says:—"From a conservative careful estimate, we judge there is now being unsold upon our wharves, 50,000 worth of mackerel and codfish."

THE QUEEN OF HINDOSTAN."—The *Times* of yesterday, (Nov. 23,) leaves no doubt that this title will be added, when Parliament meets next week, to the many others to which Victoria I. reigns.—*European Times.*

ANOTHER Koh-i-noor—A twin diamond, it is named Koh-i-tour—is said to have been lately in existence in Delhi, "concealed in some subterranean 'tykhana' of the palace."

THE Sultan of Turkey has a mania for building palaces, having no less than four now in process of completion. And all this he is doing out a penny in his treasury!

NEW PULPIT CELEBRITY.—A Mr. Guiness, a Presbyterian, now a student at New College, Edinburgh, yet in his teens, is bidding fair to rival the renowned Mr. Spurgeon as another modern Whitfield.

VACCINATING DOGS TO PREVENT DISTEMPER.—A correspondent of the Medical Times says he had lately been to see a patient in the country who is a master of a pack of hounds; and found this gentleman's huntsman vaccinating a litter of puppies as a preventive against distemper. The huntsman said he had done this some years past, that the success was quite complete, and that the practice was becoming general with huntsmen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 60 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MR. HENRY ROBINSON, living in the southern part of Montgomery county, Ill., lost seven horses in the short space of thirty-six hours, recently. The animals died in a singular manner. After feeding as usual, they were turned into a lot, where they gradually became stupid, and in the course of a few hours successively laid down and died. Shortly before dying, their nostrils are said to have expanded, as in the case when horses have been driven hard. One of the lot was taken away and ridden to a neighbor's about the time the others were turned out after feeding, but laid down and died in about the same time with the rest. Other horses which were fed alongside of some of those that died just previous to their death were not affected.—The loss was estimated at $1,000.

IT is stated that in Washington, at present, there are upwards of one hundred professional and regular writers for the press, in addition to a large number of "occasional correspondents."

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.

And feeling the hand of Time weighing heavily upon them with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, an Elixir that will instil new life into their vessels and tone, in a measure, the nerves and solids of more youthful days; build up their shattered forms, and give health and energy to their remaining years.

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A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, MRS. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post. dec26-4t

GOOD.—It is seldom that a medicine meets with such general favor among all classes, and especially among the educated, as the Oxygenated Bitters. These Bitters are free from alcohol, and are a never-failing cure for dyspepsia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov21-tf

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS Nos. 710 and 712 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	12 a14	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	3 a 5
Chuck pieces	8 a12	Whole carcase	9 a 9
Plates and navels Corned	6 a10	Veal. Fore quarter ₩ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	6¼ a75	Hind do	11
Ox, each	2 a $2	Chop	12½
Ox, ₩ lb	2½ a3	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	6½	Pork. Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Dried Beef ₩ lb	16 a18	Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Lamb. Fore quarter	75 a$2	Feet ₩ set	12½a 25
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Trips ₩ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₩ lb	10 a12½	Lard do	12½ a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a50	Hams, sliced	11 a 15
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	S't Pots'es ₩ bus	$1 25a1 75
do at ₩ pk	12½a 14	do do ₩ bus	50
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 10 a1 15
do ₩ bbl	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Salad head	1 a 5	Onions bus	— a1 50
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	8¾a1 00	Cranberries qt	10 a 11
do ₩ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 a 37	Sch Pig's ea pair	25 a 31¼
Chickens ₩ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	75 a 1 00
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frogs doz	25 a 50¢
		Snipe, sand	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South'n)	6 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do (Chas & Del)	6 a8 00	₩ bkt	62 a 80
Lobsters ₩ lb	8 a 10	do ₩ M	4 a5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	M Bl'k Cove M	3 a3 00
		N Y do ₩ bbl	10 a20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6¼a12½
Bass	5 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 a 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Smoked Herring bunch	6
Rock	10 a12	Fresh Salmon lb	25 a45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	29 a33	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	30 a36	Smoked ham	9 a 9
Eggs doz	29 a32		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	27¼	27½
U S 6 per ct			Minehill	50	50
" " '62	—	—	Har & Lan	9¾	10
" " '67	110	—	Chester Val	—	5
" " '68	110	—	Tioga	—	—
" " '69	—	—	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 per ct	85	85½	P W & Balt	34½	38
" " new	94½	94¾	Long Island	26	26
" " 5	—	—	Wil'sport & Elmira	11	18
Can Co 6 per ct	—	—	Catawissa	4	6½
Pitts 6 per ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	8	10½
Allby City 6 per ct	—	—	" preferred	17	19
" " County "	—	—	Lehigh Nav	30	32
Alle co R R 6's	—	—	Morris consolidated	42	45
Penn "	84½	85	" preferred	56	58½
" 5 "	—	—	C & Del	—	—
" " coupon	87	88	Union	—	41
Penn 6 per ct	89½	90	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
" 5 " coupon	79	80	BANK STOCKS.		
Kentucky 6 per ct	99½	99¾	North Amer	—	121
Penn RR 6 per ct	99½	99¾	Penna	10	12
Sch Nav 1st m'g '65	79¾	79¾	Phila	—	30
" " 2d m'g '85	87	90	Far & Mec	50½	52
Sch Nav RR 6 per ct	67	72	Commercial	42	45
Penn RR "	90	95	N Liberty	—	51
Read RR "	75	76	Mechanics	—	24
" " m'rt	80	85	Southwark	30	—
" " 2d m'rt	65	66	P Township	22	—
H & Lan RR "	—	—	Kensington	—	60
Cha Val RR "	—	—	Girard	9¼	9¾
Tiogo RR "	—	—	Western	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal RR 6 per ct	95	95½	Man & Mech	—	25
Long I RR "	—	—	Commerce	—	—
Sch Nav '97 "	66	67	Tradesman's	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	88	90	City	98	99
Morris "	87	90	Consolidation	—	93
C & C 6's "	85	87	Commonwealth	15	20
Sus & Tid "	51	51½	Corn Exchange	—	—
Union Canal	38	42	Pittsburg	—	—
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'g 7 per ct	—	—	M & M Pitts	—	—
" " 2d " 6 per ct	30	9	Manufac of Pitts	—	—
Catawissa	20	42	Kentucky	107	108
North Penn 6 per ct	51	52	Northern, Ky	103	106
Phila & Erie "	—	—	Louisville, Ky	100	100
RAILROAD STOCKS.			Farmers, Ky	—	110
Cam & Amboy	97½	98	Union, Nash, Tenn	—	98
Penna	39½	39¾	Plant's, Tenn	—	100
Bon Meadow	53½	54	Com & H York	61	—
North Penna	30	30	N O Gas Lt	112	113
Phil Ger & Nor	57½	57¾			

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, December 19, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1¼ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par to 5 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	3 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	Solvent banks	2 dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	State banks	2 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	Solvent banks	10 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	1 pm	Old banks	3 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	10 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	5 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Commercial and Agricultural Bk, Galveston.	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	5 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

BEST HONEY AND CHEAPEST RECIPE for making Honey as good as that made by bees, cost, six cents per pound. Every family should have it. Sent for $1. Ten Receipts for $1. N. B. GARDNER, Pettis Dale, R. I. dec5 4t

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and NO HUMBUG. Business new, easy, useful, honorable. For particulars, address E. S. RICH, Bunker Falls, N. Y. dec12-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Jno. L. Scudder, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. GEORGE SCATCHARD, of Chester county, to Miss ANN WHITEHEAD, of New or Merion, Montgomery county, Pa.

In Manayunk, on the 2d ultimo, by the Rev A. Culver, Mr. JOHN HORN, to Miss HARRIET McCLENNEN, both of Manayunk.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. Fulton, Mr. JAMES GILLESPIE, to Mrs. MARY ANDREWS, both of Manayunk.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. J. F. Boulden, Mr. GEORGE WILKINS, to Miss MARGARET HARVEY, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. LEVI H. JOHNSON, to Miss SUSANNAH SAYRES, both of this city.

On the 31 instant, by the Rev W. T. Bucker, Mr. ANDREW J. FRAILEY, to Miss LYDIA A. MOORE, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. CHARLES LANE, to Miss AMELIA WEST.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, Mr. NICHOLAS H. McDONALD, to Mrs. AMELIA A. VANSEMAN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. William P. Breed, Mr. JOHN ROSS, to Miss MARY F. SIVLES, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. N. H. Baldwin, Mr. STEPHEN G. SIMPSON, of N. Jersey, to Miss MARY D. BRANSON, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. De Sweinitz, Mr. J. FRED. PUHL, Jr. to Miss M. CORNELIA, daughter of C. L. Ege, Esq., both of this city.

In Norfolk, Va. on the 10th instant, by the Rev. P. G. Keeler, GEORGE H. VERNON, to Miss GEORGIANNA TOMKIN, of Portsmouth, Va.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, JAWBETZER SICKEL, aged 61 years.
On the 13th instant, LEWIS HUBS, aged 42 years.
On the 14th instant, MRS. MARY PAUL, aged 83 years.
On the 14th instant, CATHARINE S. wife of William D. Satterthwait, aged 27 years.
On the 15th instant, MRS. JANE LYTER, aged 53 years.
On the 15th instant, JAMES HUEY, aged 31 years.
On the 16th instant, MRS. ANNE ANDERSON, aged 28.
On the 16th instant, MRS. ROSANNA LIVEZEY, daughter of the late Elizabeth Hall, aged 21 years.
On the 14th instant, SARAH HENNER, wife of Wm. Dowdle, aged 23 years.
On the 14th instant, ANTHONY SEIBERLICH, Sr. aged 75 years.
On the 14th instant, SAMUEL J. WILMER, aged 29 years.
On the 15th instant, EBENEZER T. DEACON, aged 61.
Suddenly, at his residence, Valentia, Schuylkill county, Col. FRANCIS M. WYNKOOP.
On the 13th instant, JOHN HALL, aged 38 years.
On the 15th instant, JAMES HILLIS, aged 31 years.
On the 12th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH ENGLES, aged 53 years.
On the 17th instant, Mr. GEORGE MORRHEAD, aged 63.
On the 12th instant, MARY, wife of Michael McLaughlin, aged 39 years.
On the 13th instant, JOSEPH LITTLE, Jr. aged 21 years.
On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH GRAZ, aged 85.
On the 11th instant, KILEN H. DOWNEY, aged 22 years.
On the 11th instant, WILLIAM NEFF, aged 78 years.
On the 11th instant, Mr. HENRY HARRY, Sr. aged 76.
On the 20th instant, Mr. JOHN WELLING, Sr. aged 77.
On the 13th instant, REBECCA R. RHODES.
On the 12th instant, JOSEPH WORRELL, aged 38 years.

GET IT FOR THE CHILDREN.

MERRY'S MUSEUM,
WOODWORTH'S CABINET,
and THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

The Only Magazine of the Kind in the Union.

THE

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For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend.

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From the Lawrence Journal.

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EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.
PLEASE TO READ THIS!
AGENTS WANTED! Extra inducements for 1858.

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ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov28-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

WANTED TO EMPLOY, an AGENT in every County in the Union. Salary $30 per month and expenses; business light and respectable. For particulars, address, inclosing two stamps or six cts.,
dec26-2t L. A. BRASHER, New York City.

VENTRILOQUISM!—The whole art of Ventriloquism, by which any person can master this much coveted art in a few hours' practice. Free for 25 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

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A RETIRED PHYSICIAN,

18 YEARS OF AGE,

Whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and GENERAL DEBILITY. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up, and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the receipt, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.

Address DR. H. JAMES,
No. 19 Grand Street,
dec26-4t Jersey City, N. J.

260 RECIPES FOR MAKING VERY BEST Inks—Red, Black, Blue, and Red Inks, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., &c., all sent post paid, for 12 cents.
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From the Indiana Independent.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

For November, has already been received, and after a careful examination of the Engravings as well as the Literature of this number, we pronounce it unequalled in America or the world. In the language of another, "It is a part of Mr. Godey's religion to fulfil, with scrupulous exactness, his contracts with the people, and thereby is a great source of his unbounded success."

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1 Copy, 1 year, - - - - - - - - $2.
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GOLD SPECTACLES of various patterns at prices ranging from $6 to $11. Gold Eye Glasses—Head and Nose Spectacles in Gold Mounting or Plated, with or without Spring—Polyoramas, Stereoscopes, Peripharoscopes, Opera Glasses, Magic Lanterns, &c., &c., &c.

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In every county in the United States, to canvass in the sale of an entirely Medical Work, DESIGNED FOR FAMILY USE. Liberal inducements offered. A Circular, with full particulars, sent on application. Address DUANE BULLISON, Publisher, No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia. dec19-4t

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

J. W. LINDSEY'S GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY—Which is a purely *Vegetable Preparation*, for the purification of the blood, giving vigor to the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and expelling from the system all morbid matter, substituting, in its stead, a healthful activity through all the functions of life.

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

In the fall of 1854, a daughter of Mr. Lindsey was suffering from a malignant attack of Cancrum Oris (Canker of the mouth). She had previously been prostrated by the attacks of Dysentery, Inflammation of the Lungs and Hectic Fever, successively, which resulted in the above named disease in its worst form. Her condition was most deplorable—her mouth and cheek were literally rotten—the attending physician pronounced the case a hopeless one. Everything indicated a speedy and horrible death—the desire of rotting out of life. At this critical juncture Mr. Lindsey prepared a compound for the purpose of alleviating, if possible, the pains of the little sufferer. She was unable to use it freely, and, in a short time, to his most delightful astonishment, there was a very perceptible change for the better. The mouth began to put on a bright and healthy appearance—the foul breath became sweet—the appetite was restored, and the child seemed to partake of a new and fresh life.

Hope was inspired, and the use of the compound was faithfully continued, the result of which, with the blessing of God, was the complete restoration. She is now perfectly healthy! From this circumstance, Mr. Lindsey was led to prepare with greater care and exactness, what had an astonishingly cured his child, and continued his experimental efforts until he succeeded in bringing to perfection his *Great Remedy for Blood Impurity*—since which time its effects have been almost miraculous. Hundreds upon hundreds, by it, have been snatched from an untimely grave and restored to the sweets of health and the enjoyments of life here. The young and old have tested its saving powers, and sing aloud its virtues. Say they—"After using Lindsey's Improved Blood Searcher we felt as if a new life was starting our veins, and under God we owe to it more than words can express."

But hear from their own lips, and then judge of its valuable effects. The few testimonials that follow show that it is deservedly styled the Greatest Discovery of this or any other age.

J. W. LINDSEY.
Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Pa.

CERTIFICATES.

PATTONSVILLE, Bedford Co., Oct. 14, 1857.

MR. J. M. LINDSEY:—
Dear Sir—I was severely afflicted with rheumatism for a whole year—nine months of which time I was not able to leave my bed—when hearing of the wonderful effects of your improved Blood Searcher, I determined to procure some of it here, on a fair trial. After using three bottles I was able to walk about as usual, and am now wholly cured. I can recommend it to all who are similarly afflicted, and believe it to all it claims to be.

Yours, truly, JOHN SHAFFER.

A DESPERATE CASE OF TETTER

And BARBER'S ITCH, cured by the use of Lindsey's Blood Searcher. I, the undersigned, some time in last March, was severely afflicted with what was pronounced by my physicians to be a certain kind of Tetter and Barber's Itch. My condition was one of the greatest misery; my face was almost constantly running with the foul corruptions that exuded from the humor by which it was almost completely covered. After being under the care of my physicians for near two months, without the least benefit, I was induced to make a trial of Lindsey's Blood Searcher, and the result was that in using one bottle and a half I was entirely cured, after having tried various other remedies that I was assured were infallible. In short, I was in a wretched state that I even resorted to the dangerous experiment of pouring pure creosote on my face and neck, but all to no purpose—the Blood Searcher was the best and only thing that did me any good. As a blood purifier it is unequalled; and I have great reason to be grateful that I ever made a trial of its healing virtues, and I can confidently recommend it to any who may suffer from Tetter, or any other disease arising from an impure state of the blood.

JOHN DELEHUNT.
Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 29, 1857.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF SCROFULA

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER.

This certifies that about one year ago our little son, aged four years, was most sorely afflicted with what the physicians pronounced to be scrofula, and was treated accordingly for nearly a year, but without the slightest benefit. His eyes were running a thin watery humor almost constantly; which would prevent his eyes from the use of opening them until they were washed and cleaned by soap and water. About the same time an abscess formed just below the groin, which in due time broke and commenced a discharge, which was found impossible to dry up or heal—the bed would be very much stained, and the clothing of the child perfectly sickening in a six or eight hours' time. After having the satisfaction of a physician for so long a time, and finding the child to be getting worse, we determined to try the effects of Mr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher. This was in last March—and before two weeks had passed away the chance was manifest, and I am happy to say that in the use of a SINGLE BOTTLE our little boy has been perfectly restored to health. We cannot speak too highly of this invaluable medicine. It should be in every family—none should be without it. As a purifier of blood it is truly all good!

SAMUEL BOLLINGER.
Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 29, 1857.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., March 15, 1857.

DR. J. M. LINDSEY,
Dear Sir: I have been using your Improved Blood-Searcher since some time last summer, and I deem it to be a matter of duty to bear testimony to its *rejuvenating blood restorative virtues*. I have been for a number of years severely troubled with *erysipelas and general debility*, but since I put myself under the influence of your Improved Blood Searcher, I find a very decided improvement. Indeed, my acquaintances frequently remark that I look so "fresh and hearty;" and I know of no other cause than the use of your Improved Blood-Searcher. Judging from my own experience, I believe that this is one of the most valuable medicines that woman can use, especially those who are or have entered upon the decline of life (from 40 to 50 years of age.) I feel that it would have been a base ingratitude on my part to have withheld this testimony, and in this connection, to appear as a witness before the public. I have been actuated solely with reference to the voice of conscience and duty. You are at liberty to make whatever use you may deem proper of this statement. Yours respectfully,

MARGARET W. O'DONNELL.

LIVER COMPLAINT CURED

BY LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD-SEARCHER.

—*Bluir county, ss.*—Personally appeared before me, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for said county, Geo. Kopp, who, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say: Two years ago I was afflicted with pain between the shoulders, almost constant cough, loss of appetite, chills, night-sweats, and very subject to take colds; I at length became so weak that I could hardly walk; my physicians gave me no relief. Sometime last fall I commenced taking Lindsey's Improved Blood-Searc

Wit and Humor.

THE WELL-DIGGER.

AN OWER-TRUE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come, listen all, while I relate
What recently befel
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well:

Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "ev'n water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye:

For by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from its station,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation!

And now his sands were running fast,
And he saddled, no doubt,
But that just when the earth caved in,
He happened to be out!

"Aha!—I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked loon—
"To dig anew this cursed well
I see a pretty plan:

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And she my neighbors know
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think that I'm 'broke'!

"And so, to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
Even deeper than 'twas dug at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To hide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befel
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan:

The neighbors all with one accord
Unto each other said:
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead."

And then the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said,—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
E'en let it be his grave!"

"NEVER STOP TO ARGUE WITH A LAWYER."—The Marshal (Texas) Republican lays down this maxim, adding, "if you do you're lost," and "illustrating" as follows:

We have in Marshal, as in most towns in Texas, an ordinance forbidding persons from hitching a horse to a shade tree within the corporate limits, and affixing as a penalty for its infringement a fine of one dollar. Our constable, who is a very diligent and persevering man in the discharge of his official duties, has enforced this ordinance in a manner that has rendered him a terror to offenders. Recently a lawyer, whose office is on or near the square, and who has a beautiful shade tree before his door, rode up hastily and hitched his horse to it. The constable happened to be passing by shortly afterwards and proceeded to unhitch him and take him off. The owner, witnessing the act, and perhaps having an idea of what it meant, came [illegible] said:

"Hallo, Mr. B., what are you after? What are you going to do with my horse?"

"Why," said the constable, "you have violated the city ordinance, and must pay a fine of one dollar."

"Bless my soul," said the lawyer, with great emphasis, "that's my tree; I planted it myself."

"Can't help that," said B.: "the law makes no distinction, and says nothing about ownership. It embraces all *shade* trees in the town."

"Pon my word. Pshaw! I planted that tree, as I told you, myself, and for the express purpose of having a place to hitch my horse. Haven't I a right to plant a post before my door?"

"Of course you have," said the constable.

"Well, then, sir," said the lawyer, "just call it a post, as I planted it for one, and if the *shade* is any objection I am willing to *saw the top of it off*."

A WITTY REPLY.—A certain nobleman, the proprietor of large estates, was in the habit of once every year, of inviting his tenants, among whom was a conscientious Quaker, to dine with him. The Quaker, not anxious to brave the senseless ridicule to which members of the Society of Friends were at that time exposed, invariably declined the honor. At length his ordship pressed him, as a personal favor, to attend; and, for once he consented to do so. On the right of the Host sat the Vicar, and on the left, his Curate. After dinner, the Vicar, who stuttered painfully, attempted to put a question, by way of banter, to the Quaker. The Quaker stared, but made no reply. The clergyman repeated, in the same incomprehensible manner, his query. Still the Quaker made no answer. Then the Curate, who was of a glib and ready tongue, interfered, and said, "I do not think you understand what the Vicar says." "I do not see how I should, friend," quietly replied the Quaker. "Oh, he simply asks you whether you can tell him how it was that Balaam's ass spoke?" "*Balaam had an impediment in his speech, and his ass spoke for him*," was the very conclusive rejoinder.

YANKEE PRONUNCIATION OF NAMES.—The following is related of the late Chief Justice Story, who, when he was a young man, practised law in Essex county, Mass.:

In a Marblehead case, which was tried in one of the courts, a witness was called, by the name of ——— Floyd, who did not answer to his name. After several ineffectual attempts to obtain a response from Captain Floyd, Mr. Story said that he would call the witness; and he called out,

"Skipper Flurry!"

"Oi, oi, sorr!" was the response of the weather-beaten man, within a few feet of him, who had not recognized his own name, as it had been pronounced by the officer of the court.—*Lynn News.*

☞ A lady, wishing the service of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called, and asked: "Are you the dying man?"

No, ma'am, I'm a living man—but I'll dye or you!" promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

BOUND TO RIDE.—Two juveniles, (says the New Orleans Picayune,) belonging to that particular class of the unwashed who, in the absence of either tickets or small change, are prone to accomplish short journeys on the tail-boards of omnibuses, were recently travelling up Camp street, occupying their favorite place on one of the vehicles, when, by the sudden opening of the door, one of them was knocked heels over head into the mud. He picked himself up quickly, however, and in a moment he had regained his old place—addressing his companion with:—"I say, Jim, they've no business to have these cussed doors on the bommibusses, yer see wat accidents they cause to passengers. I'se in hopes they'll make some improvements in the building ov 'em, so 't 'll be more safer for us, but I'm bound to ride, any how."

Useful Receipts.

YELLOW BUTTER IN WINTER.—The best plan is to leave the butter with its natural color—but, *if you will color it*,—put in yolk of eggs just before the butter comes, near the termination of the churning. This has been repeatedly tried, and it makes very fine sweet butter. It is kept by many as a great secret, but its value requires publicity. The substances mostly employed in England and Scotland are the root of the carrot and the flowers of the marigold. The juice of either of these is expressed and passed through a linen cloth. A small quantity of it, (and the proportion necessary is soon learned by experience) is diluted with a little cream, and this mixture is added to the rest of the cream when it enters the churn. So little of this coloring matter unites with the butter, that it never communicates to it any peculiar taste.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—Pare off the foul part of the foot with a keen knife, then apply the "King of Oil," and it is a sure cure, if the sheep is not too far gone. Keep the sheep from low black ground. Here is another receipe said to be good: Take one-fourth of a pound of alum and two ounces of blue vitriol, boil them in one pint of water; when quite cold add three-fourths of a pint of aquafortis, and it is ready for use.

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.—To keep eggs fresh, pack in layers with dry Indian meal—a layer of meal then of eggs—standing the eggs upon the small end. I have kept them perfectly fresh during winter, putting down in the manner described.

CEMENT FOR JOINING STONE.—A cement which gradually indurates to a stony consistence, may be made by mixing 20 parts of clean river sand, 2 of litharge, and 1 of quick-lime, into a thin putty with linseed oil. The quick-lime may be replaced with litharge. When the cement is applied to mend broken pieces of stairs, it acquires after some time a stony hardness. A similar composition has been used to coat over brick walls under the name of mastic.

SAUSAGES.—Wash your sausage meat in tepid water, but do not soak it; see that it is free from bone, gristle, sinews, &c., &c. Cut it up in small pieces: to three pounds of lean meat, allow one pound of the leaf fat; chop or grind it very fine. Mix in this quantity three ounces of salt, one half an ounce of pepper and two table spoons of powdered sage. When well mixed, cook one and try it; it is easy to add seasoning, therefore be cautious in using it. Your sausage will become more salt as it dries. Add any spice you like.

Bologna Sausage is made by using one-third of beef, seasoning more strongly, and boiling after stuffing, before drying.

FEET.—Under another head, we have said that we consider it best to salt down the feet instead of pickling. Previous to salting they should be carefully examined, the hoofs taken off, not a hair left; be scalded, scraped and soaked until perfectly white. If wanted for immediate use they will be ready for boiling after lying a night in salt water. Many persons boil the feet and ears and keep them in cold spiced vinegar, ready to use cold or to fry: this is termed souse. Others boil the heads and feet until they can be freed from bones, and mash to a pulp; this is seasoned with salt, pepper and spices, moulded and kept in vinegar, and termed pork cheese.

SAUSAGE SKINS.—Are prepared by repeated soakings and washings. Then being turned they are scraped free from the slimy coating, until when blown up they are perfectly transparent. They are again soaked in salt water several days, changing it every day, and are then filled with sausage meat by some of the various implements devised for that purpose.

BLACK PUDDINGS.—Are made by stirring corn into the fresh blood of hogs. It is seasoned with salt, pepper and spices: stuffed and used as sausages.

Chitterlings are made by cleaning the maw and large intestines of the hog. Quick-lime will soon enable you to rid them of the slimy coat. Having soaked and washed them until white and inodorous, you may keep them as you would beef tripe. The livers, kidneys, &c., may be all boiled well with sufficient salt to keep, and a strong seasoning of pepper, and kept for your fowls all winter. The livers, melts, sucts, heads, &c., are esteemed luxuries for the table, and are kept by sprinkling slightly with salt.

The maws and larger intestines, with any other fat parts, should be thrown into a kettle of weak ley, and boiled until the grease from them rises to the surface. This grease is useful for soap, wool, or farm implements.

Lastly the hair of the hog should be saved for mortar, or with proper preparation makes a good mattrass, or with the bones may be sent to the compost heap.

GENERAL WARREN'S LAST WORDS.—At a recent meeting of the New England Historical Society, Mr Burnham read a paper prepared by Gen. Wm. H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plain, (who could not conveniently attend,) upon Gen. Warren and his conduct at the Battle of Bunker Hill. In 1825, Gen. Sumner gave us the following toast, at a Fourth of July celebration in Boston, as the sentiment contained in the dying words of Warren to those who were near him when he fell: "*I am a dead man! Fight on my brave fellows for the salvation of your country!*" This led to a discussion in the public papers of that day between Gen. Sumner and Dr. Waterhouse, who doubted whether Warren really uttered those words; but who appears afterwards to have been satisfied that he did. Gen. Sumner's authority was Amos Foster, of Tewksbury, (then living,) who was near Warren when he fell, and heard the words. The paper will probably be printed in full.

SOMETHING LIKE A PANIC!

CROSSING-SWEEPER.—"Things keeps worry tight in the city, Jimmy!"

COSTERMONGER.—"Tight! I b'lieve yer, they jist does, indeed! Why there, you has my word o' honner as a gencleman, I hain't so much as touched a bit o' gold this three weeks! And as fur getting of one's paper done, why them ere banks is so perticklar now, they won't do it at no price!" —*From the London Punch.*

WHOLESOME EDUCATION.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout or a half year of ague! how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic-douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition.—*Thomas Hood.*

THE TITLE OF "REVEREND."—According to "Notes and Queries," the title of "Reverend" is of modern invention. It appears to be what Selden would call an "honorary attribute." During the seventeenth century, the word was usually coupled with learned, as in the case of Vaughan, writing of the "reverend and learned Dr. Jackson;" and Bishop Patrick quotes the "reverend and learned Dr. Hammond." And beneath the portrait of Kettlewell, prefixed to his work on the "Apostles' Creed," we read it is "the true effigy of the reverend and learned Mr. John Kettlewell," but neither of these divines used the epithet as a prefix to their names in their works. It would appear, therefore, to be a title of modern usage, neither sanctioned nor required by any law or canon.

Agricultural.

MARES VS. GELDINGS.

Farmers generally do not seem to be fully aware of the benefits which they might derive from the use of mares instead of geldings. Farm work for horses is comparatively light. It is slow work. They are not necessarily exposed to labor which produces heaves, founder, spavin, broken wind, &c., &c. These are all caused by unnecessary exposure, indulgence in eating or drinking, under unfavorable circumstances, or over-driving: or by two or more of these circumstances combined. It is true, it is necessary for horses to perform some work upon a farm, which draws severely upon their nature; but, for the most part, farm work is steady, every-day work, where horses can be well fed and cared for. Consequently mares are just as good farm workers as geldings.

If such is the fact, we propose to show farmers that they should, for their own benefit, keep mares for farm work instead of geldings. With proper treatment, a good breeding mare will bring a colt every year, without interfering materially with the operations of the farm.

If the necessary pains has been taken to secure the services of the best stallion, the colt will be worth, when a year old, one hundred dollars; and by the time he is old enough to use, he should be worth two hundred dollars. Well, if the colt is worth one hundred dollars at a year old, and the service of the horse costs twenty dollars, it leaves eighty dollars for the use of the money invested in the mare as her labor will certainly pay for her keeping. Now, if the mare is worth two hundred dollars, the eighty dollars would pay forty per cent. interest annually upon the investment, which is far better than loaning money at three per cent. a month, as there is, in this case, no usury law for debtors to avail themselves of; and then there is no more risk in the mare than there would be in a gelding, nor so much, even. This is only the profit of one year.

The same can be done for a succession of years. And you can just as well keep a span of mares on your farm, and, after two or three years, have a span of fine horses to sell every year, as to keep a lot of stock which will neither increase in number or value.

Now, if you keep geldings, they are not so hardy naturally, we think, and do not live so long, and when once done with work, are of no manner of account to any one, and mercy requires you to knock them on the head. On the contrary, when your mares are advanced somewhat in years, or if they become lame from any cause, you can still, under ordinary circumstances, make them of great service to you by raising colts.

But there are certain kinds of labor to which the gelding is better adapted. They are generally, we think, more fleet, and consequently better fitted for roadsters. They are also possessed of more muscular power, and consequently better fitted for heavy draughts.

We could find many purposes to which geldings are better adapted than mares. We would, therefore, advise not only farmers, but all who do not severely task their horses with labor, to keep mares by all means. We would also advise them to obtain the best mares, and the services of the best stallions, as the colts will sell for enough more to doubly pay the trouble and expense. And, besides the profits to the raiser of horses, the community would be benefited by an increase in number, and a decrease in the price of horses in a few years.

A farmer who keeps only two horses, and both geldings, will be compelled to purchase a team of some one else when his is done with work; whereas, if his team is composed of mares, he is preparing a team to take their places, when they are turned out to take their rest, either on account of old age, or any other cause.

Farmers should keep as little non-producing stock around them as possible. Every thing should be made to pay the best possible per centage, with fair usage. Then, we say to farmers, sell your geldings and purchase mares, and see if our advice is not good in the end.—*Northwestern Farmer.*

APPLICATION OF MANURES.

The various modes of applying manures excite continual inquiry as to the best, the most profitable. Farmers are often induced to change their opinions and their practices after trying new modes which have been recommended or tried by their neighbors.

The inquiry among practical farmers is a very broad one, since there is such a diversity of soil and of crops as well as of the nature of the manure to be applied.

Still there are general principles, applicable to all lands in all latitudes and longitudes. These principles are made up from the actual trials and practices of farmers who have acquired their knowledge in the open fields, and actually reaped what they themselves had sown.

Such farmers often hearken to new theories on the strength of the recommendation of others. Sometimes they are gainers, sometimes losers by a change of system. Still they never lose sight of the main chance. They are never so absurd as to place their manures on bean poles, or to bury them in pits out of the reach of the influence of the atmosphere.

It is now pretty generally agreed among practical farmers that manures of all kinds may be buried too deep in the furrow—so deep with a deep plough as to entirely destroy their efficacy for a number of seasons, if not forever. The reason why this is so is not very satisfactorily explained—for it is proved that manures never work down to any great depth, else the sub-soil would be valuable after many years of deep manuring.

One great point with farmers should be to prevent loss of their barn manures by checking great fermentation. Strong manures heaped up, soon ferment and burn unless much extra matter is mixed in the pile. Some heaps heat so much as to turn white. They are "fire-fanged" as the old gardeners used to express it, and they are almost worthless when this excessive heating has been permitted. We incline to think that more of the essence of our manures is wasted by this fermentation—this heating process—than in all other modes of waste.

It is certain that excellent crops of corn are grown where the manure from the barnyard was buried no deeper than a common harrow would bury it when spread on the surface. This we often see on dry ground and in dry summers, and with only a moderate dressing of manure.

So we find that all kinds of manure spread in October and November, on grass land or meadow land, work well and increase the crop abundantly, though exposed through the winter to all kinds of weather.

The truth seems to be that not much of the essence of barn manures is lost by evaporation when they are spread out where no fermentation takes place.

Still if we would secure all the essence of barn manures, we must mix them with fresh earth immediately, in the yard, or in the field, with a light furrow or a harrow. When this is done, no effluvium, or ammonia, is perceived to pass away.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

COWS AND BUTTER.

In a late number, your correspondent, B., asks for a detailed statement as to the feeding of cows, and making butter in autumn and winter. Now, if B. can gather anything of value to himself from my statement of the mode we have been practising for some sixteen years, I shall be repaid for my trouble in offering it.

I will begin with the care of cows about calving time. For several days before this period, I feed ruta bagas or turnips, if I have them; if not, a little corn meal will answer, to keep the cow in about the same condition she would be on grass. After calving, I give warm slop for drink for the first three days; this is made by scalding a little wheat bran; after that I let her have cold water to drink; I don't give much strong food for a week or two, for fear the udder will swell; in that case, I milk all I can get, first, and let the calf suck afterward. In cold weather, I stable the cows at night, and most of the day; I let them out to water at noon, and they have free access to salt, and are curried every morning.

As to feed, I consider there is nothing better than sweet corn meal and good hay; but I would here say, that I am a firm believer in raising roots for cows; if fed judiciously, cows will milk quite as well, and the cost will be much less, and the quality of the butter not be injured. In feeding roots to milch cows, a little corn meal should be fed with them, and they should be fed directly after milking, as the smell of the roots is then destroyed.

MILKING.—Perhaps more depends on this than B. is aware of; the time should be equally divided: the udder and teats, if dirty, should be washed with warm water, and wiped dry. I never allow any one to go to milk without first washing the hands. We milk fast, and permit no talking while at it; I don't allow the fingers to be put into the milk to moisten the teats; it is an unclean practice. We strain through a fine wire strainer, and put about five quarts in a pan: these pans are tin, and they are kept bright and scalded frequently. The temperature of the room where the milk is kept should be from 55 to 65 deg. Fahrenheit; there should be no cooking done where milk is kept; there should not be left more than three milkings stand at one time, as the cream gets bitter. Should the cream not rise fast enough, about a gill of sour milk to each pan, when strained, will help it. The cream should be stirred every day, and the oldest should not be over a week.

CHURNING.—When churned, the cream should be of the temperature of sixty-two degrees.

THE BUTTER.—Should the butter need a higher color, or more grass-like flavor, a few yellow carrots, pared, grated, and boiled in new milk, strained, and the liquor put in the churn with the cream, will do it. The churn, butter-worker, scale, &c., should be kept bright and clean, and scalded before and after using, and should be thoroughly dried before being put away for future use. Every particle of butter-milk should be taken from the butter before the salt is added; the best quality of salt should be used, and this should be thoroughly worked in, or the butter will be streaked. After the butter is put into pounds and printed, the cloths should be put on: they should be of fine white muslin and kept white, and should be put in salt and water, and wrung dry before using; the butter may then be put in the tub, which should be clean and sweet.

Now, if B. is regular in attending market, and will follow the above directions, he will soon find customers for his butter at tip-top market price. I would here add that B. should see to the milking of the cows himself, and his wife should take charge of it after it is strained; for herein lies the secret of success—and not trust to careless hired help, as this branch of farming will pay if rightly attended to. I find, by reference to my accounts, that my cows have averaged a little over sixty dollars each, thus far, the present season, and the season has yet four months to run.—*Corres. Germantown Telegraph.*

"THE AFFINITIES" IN CONVERSATION.—Put any company of people together with freedom for conversation, and a rapid self-distribution takes place into sets and pairs. The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more true to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like: and any interference with the affinities would produce constraint and suffocation. All conversation is a magnificent experiment. I know that my friend can talk eloquently; you know that he cannot articulate a sentence: we have seen him in different company. Assort your party, or invite none. Put Stubbs and Byron, Quintilian and Aunt Miriam, into pairs, and you make them all wretched. 'Tis an extempore Sing-Sing built in a parlor. Leave them to seek their own mates, and they will be as merry as sparrows.

A higher civility will re-establish in our customs a certain reverence which we have lost. *What to do with these brisk young men who break through all fences, and make themselves at home in every house?* I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me, and ropes cannot hold me when my welcome is gone. One would think that the affinities would pronounce themselves with a surer reciprocity.—*R. W. Emerson, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A SCRIPTURAL MOTTO.—Down at St. Genevieve is an old stone church, and built to last a thousand years. The sculptor was directed to engrave above the grand entrance this passage of Scripture:—"My house is the house of prayer." And so he did; but having read the Evangelists to some purpose, he went steadily on with the chisel and graver, and completed the verse. Hardly had he put a period to his work, when it was discovered by the architect, who ordered him to fill up the offending clause with cement. This done, the beautiful inscription was read of all men:—"My house is the house of prayer." But as the years went on, even like the writing on the wall with an unseen hand, new words appeared, one day, and the passage ran, "My house is the house of prayer, but ye have"—and there the phrase, like the White Nile, was lost to view. The months elapsed, and with the sentence, still the wonder grew, as the cement fell out particle by particle:—"My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it,"—another winter finished up the work—"a *den of thieves!*"—*B. F. Taylor.*

☞ The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it the more it contracts.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 11, 20, is a river in Scotland.
My 2, 19, 7, 9, 1, 12, is a county in New York.
My 3, 12, 6, 10, 3, 15, is a river in Utah.
My 4, 6, 18, 8, 14, 20, is a town in Ireland.
My 5, 10, 3, 3, 1, 12, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, 11, 9, 15, 20, is a river in Germany.
My 7, 6, 9, 14, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 9, 15, 12, 11, 20, is a lake in Scotland.
My 9, 2, 6, is a town in China.
My 10, 13, 18, 15, 19, 2, 15, is a river in Ireland.
My 11, 7, 6, 12, 16, is a town in Affghanistan.
My 12, 6, 18, 6, is a sea in Asia.
My 13, 9, 14, 8, is a capital of one of the German States.
My 14, 16, 3, 15, is a town in England.
My 15, 20, 8, 16, 2, 19, is a county in Kentucky.
My 16, 6, 14, 19, 4, 2, 15, is a city in New Jersey.
My 17, 5, 8, 9, 19, is a town in Austria.
My 18, 12, 6, is a river in Switzerland.
My 19, 18, 15, 4, 14, 10, is a city in France.
My 20, 10, 13, is a river in Scotland.
My whole was a celebrated American traveller.

Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 16, 19, 22, 20, 15, is a county in one of the United States.
My 2, 5, 8, 9, 16, 17, is a county in one of the United States.
My 3, 16, 18, 14, is a county in one of the United States.
My 4, 14, 15, 16, 3, 8, is a county in one of the United States.
My 5, 15, 21, 20, 17, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 6, 8, 20, 7, 16, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 7, 15, 16, 20, 17, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 8, 20, 16, 17, 14, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 9, 11, 14, 8, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 10, 15, 2, 14, 8, 21, 20, 17, is a county in one of the United States.
My 11, 10, 6, 14, 21, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 12, 9, 18, 5, 8, is a county in one of the U. States.
My 13, 3, 15, 5, 17, 18, 20, is a county in one of the U. States.
My whole is what every family in the United States ought to have. HARRY BOWMAN.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 14, 26, 31, 24, 34, 36, is a star in Aquilinus.
My 27, 33, 20, 10, 12, 31, 37, 2, is a science which investigates the causes of diseases.
My 13, 2, 25, 16, 29, 12, 3, is the point of a planet's orbit nearest the earth.
My 11, 2, 37, 24, 14, is one of the planets.
My 35, 26, 34, 35, 3, is a folding door.
My 25, 29, 31, 24, 29, is to appraise.
My 29, 7, 4, 26, 6, 3, 3, is a star in the Scorpion.
My 30, 10, 9, is a star in Taurus.
My 30, 24, 26, 6, 14, 20, 30, is a capital of one of the Eastern States.
My 28, 29, 13, 22, 12, 6, 21, is a constellation in the milky way.
My 22, 17, 31, 26, was a British Admiral.
My 1, 23, 12, 30, means to imagine.
My 18, 25, 10, 32, was the fabulous messenger of Jupiter and Juno.
My 26, 25, 12, 29, 16, 23, 29, 26, 13, is a constellation.
My 34, 8, 18, 21, 3, is a constellation south of the Scorpion.
My total is a Pennsylvanian institution.

GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When pealing thunders roar on high,
And clouds their contents rain,
My first you'll surely then descry,
It leads them in the train.

The school-boy knows my second well,
He knows its power to pain,
The luckless "truant" on whom it fell
Had reason to complain.

My first is by my whole controlled,
It leads where'er it will;
But I have now too plainly told
My name; so I'll be still. W. L. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's only five letters in my name,
And I've no doubt you've seen the same.
I'm used by people small and great,
In every town and every State.
I've been in use since times of old,
And often in the market sold.
Yet there is some whom poverty claim,
Who seek alas for me in vain.
Others have *perished* for want of me,
My power is great as you will see.
Erase one letter and I spell
What you no doubt can do very well.
Erase two letters from your sight,
And I'm in the rainbow bright.
Omit one letter, transpose the rest,
And I love the forest best.
Please solve this riddle, reader kind,
'Tis easily guessed if you're inclined.

Warren, Vt. HARRY

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* pertaineth to a thief;
My *second* was a Scottish chief;
My *whole's* a ruler, to be brief.

GAHMD

ANAGRAMS ON THE NAMES OF CITIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O, yes a Burns. O, a cail.
Az men do. P, as in wail.
I can vale. Pana or sabl.
A gosy quil. Do vie to mon.
O mary baca. S tah ge.
'Tan as I go. O yult.
Omro, Wis. DON DE

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the dimensions of a cubical box made out of plank 3 inches thick, so that it will contain one cubic foot for every square foot of plank used in making it?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a person on top of a hill like one arising to address a meeting? Ans.—One stands on the mount, and the other mounts upon the stand.

☞ What part of a ship is a man like who supports a family? Ans.—The main-stay.

☞ Why is the ghost of Hamlet like an interrogation point? Ans.—Because it comes in such questionable shape.

☞ Why are white children and black children alike? Ans.—Because their pale have grown. (They're little negroes.)

☞ Of what noted poem was Adam an example? Ans.—"Nothing To Wear."

GAH

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The war between Turkey and Russia. CHARADE.—Padanaram. (Pa-Dan-a-Ram.) RIDDLE.—Ice-water. RIDDLE.—Peat. ANAGRAMS.—Testimonial, Destruction, Constitutional, Professional, Incommensurability, Misrepresentation, Intermediate, Exemplification, Misanthrope, Disappointment, Determination, Sweetheart, Repentance, Unmerciful Demonstration, Steamboat. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—1.9142 feet.